

# The Elks Magazine



SEPTEMBER, 1934

EASTERN EDITION

# Once there were two Colonels



THE ORIGINAL  
KENTUCKY MINT JULEP\*

Put a dozen sprigs of mint in bowl, cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush mint gently. Put half of mint and liquid in bottom of tall glass; fill glass half full of shaved ice, add remaining mint and liquid, fill glass to top with shaved ice. Pour in Four Roses Whiskey until glass is full. Place in ice box for at least an hour. Garnish with mint—and serve.

TO one of these Colonels, it is a violation of Southern honor to crush the tender sprigs of mint in making a julep.

To the other, no julep holds its full, true flavor unless the mint is crushed.

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\*There are many ways to make a Mint Julep, but the above is highly recommended.



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"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."  
—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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Managing Editor

SEPTEMBER, 1934

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To qualify for this award your letter must not exceed 250 words in length. It should be written on one side of the paper only and preferably it should be typewritten, double space. It must reach the New York Office of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, by October 1, 1934. Employees of the National Memorial and Publication Commission are not eligible for this prize.

All letters become the property of THE ELKS MAGAZINE and none will be returned. In case two or more letters are judged to be of equal merit—and of prize-winning calibre—the author of each will be awarded \$10.00. The decision of the Editors will be final and announcement of the winner or winners will be made in the November number.



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# The Grand Exalted Ruler Appoints His District Deputies

Immediately after the Grand Lodge Convention, Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon established temporary offices in the Elks National Memorial Building, Chicago, for the primary purpose of organizing his staff of District Deputies for the 1934-35 term. Telegrams and air-mail letters were dispatched the country over, with the result that all the appointments were confirmed by the first week in August.

Thereupon the Grand Exalted Ruler embarked on a three-week, 10,000-mile airplane tour in the course of which he held nine Regional District Deputy Conferences. Every State was represented at one of these gatherings. Mr. Shannon's pilots for this record-breaking trip were Clyde Pangborn and Colonel Roscoe Turner (Left to Right), both of whom are internationally famous for their flying exploits.

The District Deputies for the current year follow:



ALABAMA	<i>Harry W. English</i> P. O. Box 1175 Birmingham, Ala.	Birmingham, No. 79	HAWAII	<i>William H. Barringer</i> Hilo, Hawaii	Hilo, No. 759
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NEW JERSEY, SOUTH	Dr. Eugene S. Taft 39 W. Main Street Freehold, N. J.	Freehold, No. 1454	TEXAS, NORTHEAST	Ike Hochwald Box 424 Marshall, Texas	Marshall, No. 683
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NEW YORK, EAST	James Dempsey, Jr. 105 S. Division Street Peekskill, N. Y.	Peekskill, No. 744	TEXAS, SOUTH	F. E. Knetsch Box 25 Seguin, Texas	Seguin, No. 1229
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## TWO WORLD FAMOUS PERSONALITIES from the MISSISSIPPI SHORES

Who thought the finest thing in life would be to travel—just up and down Ol' Man River...but whose fame swept him 'round the world...whose personality was so compelling that he stood out brilliantly at any gathering...whose keen wit and perception made his one of the brightest names in American letters? Of course...**MARK TWAIN!**

Which beer, brewed on the banks of the Mississippi, became world-famous for its own delightful 'personality'...whose unforgettable quality made it stand out brilliantly from all others...which established an unmatched record—the biggest-selling bottled beer in history? Of course...**BUDWEISER!**



**Budweiser**  
KING OF BOTTLED BEER

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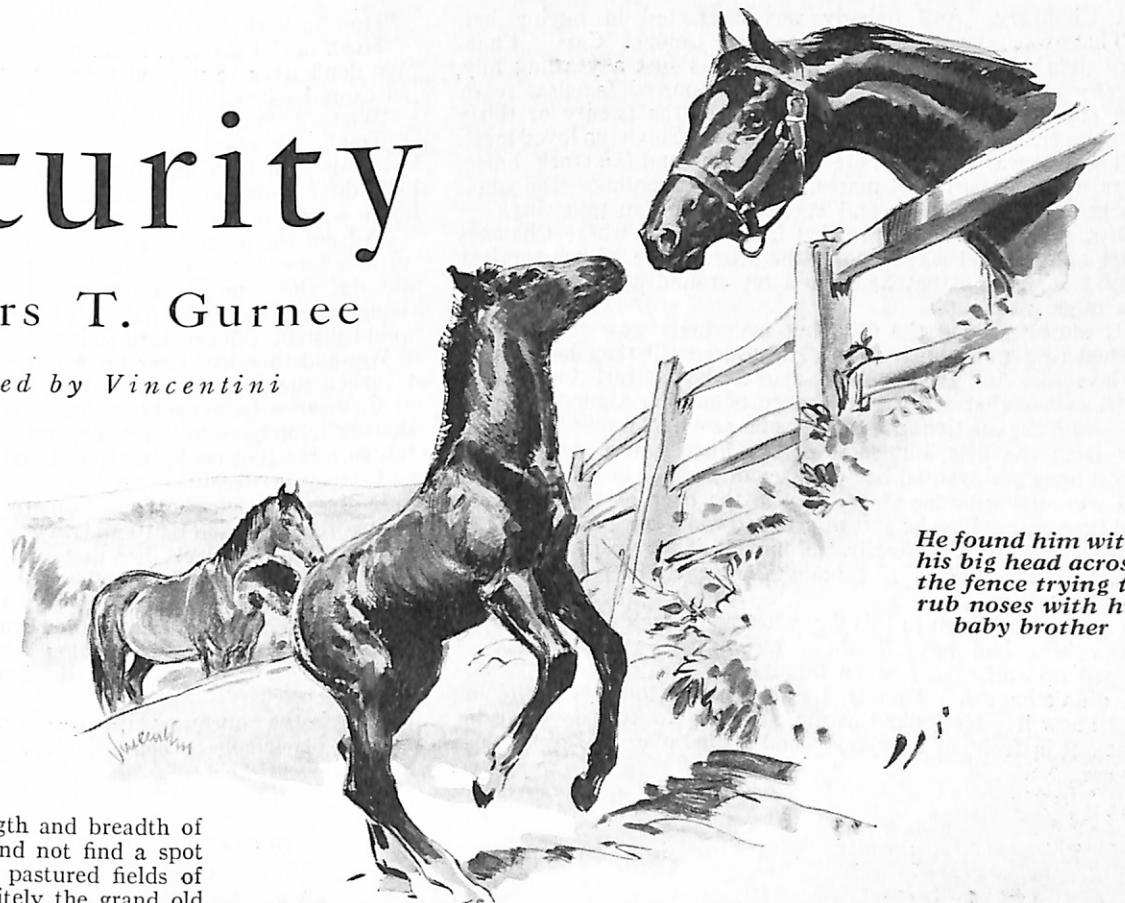


For those  
who make living  
a fine art

# Futurity

by Odgers T. Gurnee

Illustrated by Vincentini



*He found him with his big head across the fence trying to rub noses with his baby brother*

YOU can ride the length and breadth of all the Blue Grass and not find a spot in it to equal the stately pastured fields of Elmhurst, or one so definitely the grand old gentleman of the thoroughbred country as Colonel Cassius Singleton, its lord and master.

Colonel Cass is by and of—and for—the Blue Grass. Which means it is part and parcel of his fundamental existence that no one may be more gracious, more hospitable, quicker to defend his womenkind, his home, the honor of his name, or breed and rear a gamer, faster horse, God willing.

And just as Elmhurst is in its entirety so much the Blue Grass idyll, so is the smoke-brown study in the left wing essentially a thing distinctive to and of Cass Singleton himself.

I've been inside that room many times—but only once to know how much it meant to him. It was the day after his great bay colt Chance Finale won the Suburban after stumbling at the start and coming on like a wild horse in the stretch to put the keenest thoroughbreds in training in his wake. A turf writer, reviewing that, and other of the colt's victories, had called him "the gamest horse that ever came from out the Blue Grass."

I showed the phrase to Colonel Cass as the three of us, the writer chap, myself and he, sat at breakfast, watching him glow with honest pride. But he shook his head slowly over the folded sheet and sighed as he laid it aside.

"It's not quite true," he said pensively. "It's a fine and generous thing to say, but it really isn't the whole truth." His fine old eyes were fixed on something far beyond me as he spoke. They were looking down the years, I knew. Then they shifted suddenly, came to earth and us, and he smiled apologetically.

"Come with me," he said.

He took us into the study then. A small room, severely bare. He drew his hand in such a gesture as one might use to draw a curtain, facing the long wall at the opposite side.

Above his desk it held two paintings, oblong canvases in narrow frames. One was of a slashing black, the other a bay. For all the difference in conformation, kingly beauty, breathtaking fluid graceful line, they might have been the same grand horse. Between them, mounted on a square of Elmhurst's gold and purple colors, was a tiny silver racing plate—a horseshoe molded for a turf queen of most royal blood.

"Do you know them?" he asked.

"The bay," the writer answered, "might be Chance Finale."

"It is," he said, and his voice fell soft. "The bay is Chance Finale." He moved forward a pace and stood before them,

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looking up. "And the black," he said reverently, "is Chance Premiere. The plate was worn by Chancery, their dam."

He mused a while there, staring at that stretch of wall, looking beyond to the shifting panorama its three treasured symbols in steel and oil and canvas, conjured up from out of the past.

"You see," he said, "it's like a dead heat. You can't separate them."

His arm moved across the arc of vision centered on the pictures and the plate:

"There, gentlemen, is the 'gamest horse.' Not any one, but all three. Linked together in the common blood-bond of a great courage."

His eye swept the wall again. Chance Finale had just won another great handicap and the Colonel's glance was bright with pride as it rested on the bay. But when he looked again, back to the black—his eyes were misty with tears.

We filed out silently, passing through the big square rooms to the broad lawns of the "avenue" that fronted Elmhurst. I was going to show the writer the new yearlings.

But when we struck off across the fields beyond the stud-barn he halted me. "What was it, back there—what did he mean?"

It took me a long while to figure out just how to sum it up in one sentence. "You might say," I told him, "that Colonel Cass was remembering the greatest heat a race horse ever ran—and it wasn't on a track."

After that we didn't go to see the yearlings. We just sat down on a paddock fence and I told him about Chancery, her first-born, Chance Premiere, and his little brother, Chance Finale, last link in the "blood-bond of courage."

I began with Chancery, the dam, because that's really the place where it all starts from. Chancery, the tough little bulldog of a mare that raced and won against the finest stuff the West produced for many years.

It all began with her—and chance, or luck or fate. Whatever you want to call it. That was twenty years ago. Just after the panic and at a time when the Singletons were on the verge of losing everything.

They had to sell out every piece of horseflesh on the place to meet taxes—or see Elmhurst go under the Sheriff's hammer. and money was tight everywhere. So sell they did—everything

but Chancery. And nobody was interested in buying her.

That was the break of luck for Colonel Cass. Chancery didn't have a name then. She was just a yearling filly, royally bred—by Hanover out of an imported Isinglass mare. But she was a grand looker, and out of the twenty or thirty baby racers in the vendue, the one that Cass Singleton loved most.

The sale was held out here one morning and the stock, horses in training, sires, brood mares, yearlings, weanlings—the whole works was polished up and stabled for the auction ring.

But that night a rat prowled into the stall where Chancery slept and gnawed way up into the frog of one of her forefeet. That's something that happens a lot around a stable if you're not mighty careful.

It almost ruined the filly, but everybody was so upset and rushed next morning it wasn't discovered till they led her out to be sold. And she limped so bad it was pitiful!

Of course that spoiled all chance of getting a good price for her—and the auctioneer, as soon as he saw her, wanted to excuse her from the lists, but some of the buyers were keen on her blood lines and wanted her whether or not she could run a lick.

I was sitting beside Cass, 'way in the back of the sales tent, and I remember how he sort of groaned when somebody bid \$100.

It went up to \$500 finally and looked like it would stop there. I reckon it would of if I hadn't happened to look at Cass's face right then.

I couldn't tell you to this day what made me do it. But when I saw how bad he felt about losing her—and for \$500—I popped up and said, "Seven hundred."

I didn't have it. Fact is, I didn't have a quarter of it, and Cass knew it. He looked at me, scowling to keep from crying right out in front of everybody and leaned over and hissed into my ear.

"How in heck are you possibly going to pay it?" he asked.

"Hush up," I growled back, not feeling any too good myself. "We don't have to pay till tomorrow."

I came back with the money that night.

"Where'd you get it?" he asked.

"Don't ask questions," was all I'd say—and he never did know, or he'd have licked me. All I can say is—if there's a loose dime around a race track, on the stables side, not the club house—you can always borrow it for a man like Cass Singleton.

So I got the money. But the funniest part of it all was that we didn't need it. The sale brought in enough to cover what was due the county—and feed bills and such things to boot, though the prices folks paid for some of those mares and foals would just be chicken feed today.

We paid the auctioneer his commission on the \$700 sale and I cached the rest. It was going to be a sort of grub stake to fit Chancery—he named her that after we pulled her out of the sheriff's clutches—to start her off on her racing career. I felt sure the foot could be packed and the frog grow back stout and strong.

It did, and what she turned out to be is printed all over the racing records from 1910 to 1914. She was retired in 1915 and in 1917 the black, her first colt, was foaled—the one the Colonel named Chance Premiere.

"Chawnee Primeer" was the way Cass called his name. It didn't mean much of anything when you got it translated—"First Luck," or some such thing, but it was a grand name to let roll off your tongue when the horses were pounding down the stretch.

Many's the time we yelled it—shouting, singing, praying for the big black colt to come home on top. But he never won but once—on the track.



That was his first start—the time he won. Right here at Lexington, it was, and he had everything—speed, class, courage, “heart,” we call it around the track.

Then, two days later, he steps out on the backstretch with old Joedy Canavan, the best two-year-old rider in the West—and plows through the infield rail like a cat out of the smokehouse.

He never got over it. We patched him up outside, all right—but his heart was gone. He'd go to the post looking like a champion—and run like a dog.

If you can, imagine what that did to Cass Singleton. It was just like it was his own flesh and blood out there, starting out of the paddock proud and high-stepping, looking like a million dollars. Till he hit the track and could see the long curving strip of harrowed loam ahead of him—and the rails.

We tried him faithfully—that year and the next spring. But there just didn't seem any chance. You could see the fear chill him the minute the field pranced out on the way to the post. By the time the barrier sprung he was shaking so he couldn't run a lick.

So Cass sent him back to the farm. He'd been gelded after the smash-up and we couldn't use him for a stock-horse. There wasn't anything to do but turn him out to loaf.

And to make matters worse, Chancery failed to produce another foal. It looked like the black was going to be the only thing she'd leave behind to carry on her name. And he was a bust!

But Cass loved him. Maybe it was because he was crippled up inside and there wasn't anything we could do to help him. But I've always thought it was just because he was Chancery's first foal—and win, lose or draw, he had the heritage of a champion.

And then the bay colt came.

*“Straight in there,” he said. “Straight in there, Big Boy.” And with that they were gone*

You'd have thought there'd never been another foal dropped in the whole of Kentucky, to see the way Cass carried on about the new fella. He'd set his heart on having a stake-winning sire to carry on the blood of Chancery. And the bay was no more than standing on his funny little legs when the Colonel had him picked to win the Futurity, Derby, Belmont Cup and what-have-you.

If he'd loved the mare and pitied the black colt, he idolized the bay. Then the vet told him Chancery could never bear another foal—and he named him Chance Finale.

Like the other one, the name didn't make right good sense if you tried to shift it around from French to English. But it sure meant a-plenty to the Colonel. The end of the luck, see? The final shot. And you'll see what a heap of things went into the naming when you stop to realize that everything old Cass Singleton had dreamed and hoped and feared for 20 years was bound up in that bandy-legged, wry-necked little bunch of head and feet and heart stumbling through the blue grass and timothy at Chancery's side.

And it was win—or lose, all in that one roll. There'd never be another chance.

Naturally his big brother was forgotten. And naturally enough, too, if you know horses, the older colt knew it. It didn't take Chance Premiere long to discover it was more than just accident when the Colonel quit having him saddled for a jog up and down the back lanes toward Frankfort. And it wasn't rheumatics that made old Mary Elfie, the cook, forget to waddle out past the help's cabins to his paddock in mid-morning with a lump of sugar or an apple. Folks were all too busy running over to the big field beyond the spring-house, to bother with him.

*(Continued on page 40)*



# Jiffers on the Job

by Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

THE depression had tossed that elegant young bond salesman, Augustus Jiffers, so far out of a job that he had practically no assets left but his clothes, his spats, his cane and his inextinguishable optimism, and even his optimism flickered low as he stepped out of a taxicab before the towering Tulkington Building with his friend Alfred Klemp. Tackling Uncle Benjamin for a loan was enough to make any optimist quiver and grow dim.

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Alf Klemp, himself a bond salesman out of a job, was accompanying Augustus Jiffers as a morale stiffener, but he had a personal interest in Mr. Jiffers' visit to his uncle. In the near past Mr. Klemp had loaned Gus Jiffers various small sums that now totaled sixty-seven dollars, and he had broached the matter of repayment.

"You must have it, Alf?" Augustus had asked. "Case of dire necessity, is it, old man?"

"I'm practically stony, Gus. Positively, old man. You don't think I'd come to you for money if I wasn't, do you?"

"I should hope not; silly thing to do, Alf."

It was only after vain racking of his brain for some other source of cash that Augustus decided to tackle his Uncle Benjamin. His mother, usually a reasonable fountain of small sums, had the financial jitters in a big way and had tied her purse strings in double knots, sealing them with adamant, and Augustus had touched all his friends to the limit of their friendship. He did not hope much from his Uncle Benjamin. Augustus had begun his adult career in his Uncle Benjamin's office and the words used by Mr. Tulkington in chucking



Augustus out, when translated into print-able language, were to the effect that Augustus was the most trifling idiot that ever cluttered the surface of the earth.

In the Tulkington outer office, on the thirty-ninth floor of the Tulkington Building, Augustus told Alfred Klemp to wait.

"Sit down, Alf," he said, "while I wrangle an interview with the old boy. This is going to take a bit of diplomacy. And, Alf, stand by to catch me if I come out head first."

To the secretary who took his card

*It seemed no task at all to steal such a small dog*





Augustus presented a brave front.

"He'll see me," he said. "Tell him it's about mother's accident," and a few minutes later he was shown into Benjamin Tulkington's private office.

"What's this?" demanded the big man as he swung around and scowled at Augustus. "What's this accident your mother had?"

"Stocks," said Augustus. "And bonds, uncle. The bottom dropped out and crushed poor mother."

"And you can't pull her leg," growled Uncle Benjamin, "so you want to pull mine. Well, you can't. Not for a dollar. Not for a cent. Get out. I'm busy."

With these few unkind words Mr. Tulkington threw two or three papers into his waste basket angrily and turned his broad back on Augustus. Augustus swung his cane gently and sighed.

"Very well, Uncle Benjamin," he said to the unfeeling back, "but some day you may regret this. Some day when you see my name in the headlines, 'Augustus Jifers, nephew of Benjamin Tulkington, sentenced to Sing Sing because refused a paltry pittance by his uncle,' you may regret this. There is nothing left for me but a life of crime. Good day, Uncle Benjamin."

"Ur-umph!" growled Mr. Tulkington and buried his nose in a brochure replete with graphs and charts. Augustus had his hand on the door when Mr. Tulkington called his name.

"Augustus!"

"Yes, Uncle Benjamin?" said Augustus, new hope leaping in his breast.

"Come back here."

"Yes, Uncle Benjamin."

*"But I don't see how you can read that, Augustus dear," she said. "It don't mean anything to me—"*

"Ur-umph! What's this about a life of crime? You mean it?"

"Absolutely. Driven to it, Uncle. The young men of this country, refused the common means of support—"

"Never mind that. Can you steal a dog?"

"For money? I'm your man, Uncle Benjamin."

"Then look at this," said Mr. Tulkington, and he bent down and unsnapped his right garter and turned down his sock. On his ankle were minute red scratches. "That's what a blasted cur did to me."

"Outrageous!" Augustus exclaimed. "Horrible! What is this country coming to when a citizen can be torn limb from limb by a ravening hound?"

"In his own home," said Mr. Tulkington bitterly. "On his own hearth rug. And I only stepped on the snivelling beast's tail."

TOTO?" asked Augustus, brightening.

"Toto," declared Mr. Tulkington, pulling up his sock. "And what sympathy did your Aunt Clara show me? She called me a hulking blunderer. Am I a hulking blunderer?"

"Absolutely not!" said Augustus.

"It is what comes of pampering a woman," said Uncle Benjamin. "Three years ago your Aunt Clara wanted a dog and I bought her that dog and put him in her arms."

"An error," said Augustus. "Never

give them dogs."

"And since that day," said Uncle Benjamin, "my life has not been the same. That cursed cur hates me. Your aunt is a changed woman. That dog rules my home—all three of my homes. I'm nothing. I'm nobody. Your aunt yells, 'Benjamin, don't sit on itty petty-pet.' It makes me sick."

"Positively nauseating; I've noticed it myself."

"And now he's bit me. I won't stand it. I won't have the dangerous beast in my house. I depend on you. Get rid of him."

"It is as good as done."

"You'll need someone to help you."

"I have the very chap out yonder this minute—absolutely reckless devil."

"But I don't want the cur hurt. Get him a good home."

"Positively—every comfort to which he has been accustomed. We understand each other, Uncle Benjamin: ruthless but kind."

"Then I leave it to you," said Mr. Tulkington. "Your Aunt Clara and the cur are down on Long Island at Graywood. And you won't find it too easy to—er—appropriate the dog. When your aunt does not take him out for his airing the maid does."

"Marya? I've noticed that."

"You may have to overpower the maid. I suggest that you climb the gate in the lane. Ten o'clock is the hour when the dog has his last airing. You'll need something to carry him in. Use your head."

Augustus glanced at his uncle but Mr. Tulkington had intended no jest.

"That's all," he said grimly. "When the job is done, come to me. And keep me out of this, you understand?"

"Positively. And—er—how about a small advance? Petty expenses. The exchequer is a bit low."

Mr. Tulkington frowned but he took out his wallet. After thumbing one bill he took out another reluctantly. It was a ten.

"There," he said. "And whatever happens," he repeated, "keep me out of this. If your Aunt Clara hears of it there'll be the devil to pay."

"Positively. Raging lioness deprived of young," agreed Augustus, and having folded the bill and slipped it in his pocket he rejoined Alf Klemp in the outer office.

"Did you get the cash?" Alfred asked eagerly.

"Big money is as good as nestling in my pocket this minute, Alf," Augustus assured him. "The old boy will cough up. All we have to do is steal a dog."

"Steal a what?"

"Dog. Very small dog. Almost no dog at all."

"Whose dog?"

"Dear Aunt Clara's. Little Toto."

Alf Klemp seemed greatly relieved. When Augustus mentioned dog he had imagined a Great Dane or a wolfhound, but he had seen Toto when visiting the Tulkington house with Gus Jiffers. It seemed no task at all to steal such a small dog and, in fact, the two criminals had little trouble. At ten o'clock exactly that night Alf Klemp, his face masked by a black cloth, stepped from a clump of bushes and threw an arm around the neck of Marya, stifling her cries with his coat sleeve, while Gus Jiffers jerked Toto's leash from her hand and made for the lane gate.

The small dog, thrust head downward into a bag, was too surprised to make more than a few indignant yips. About an hour later Alf Klemp and Gus Jiffers emptied the dog onto the floor of Mr. Jiffers' room in Mrs. Benk's rooming house in New York and after one nip at Mr. Jiffers' ankle, the canine loot crawled under the bed. To Mrs. Tulkington the maid Marya reported that she had been overpowered by a gigantic ruffian at least seven feet tall and with arms like barrels.

Mrs. Tulkington's hysterics lasted until well after midnight and when she was able to demand that the police be notified, Mr. Tulkington was positive in advising against such a course.

"That's the worst thing you can do," he said. "That dog was kidnaped—kidnaped for ransom, and what'll happen if you stir up the police?"

"What, Benjamin?" asked Aunt Clara between sobs.

"They'll kill it—the kidnapers will kill the dog. They always do. They get frightened and make away with the victim."

"But what shall we do?" moaned Mrs. Tulkington.

"You leave it to me. I'll put private detectives on the job," said Mr. Tulkington, and having deceived his poor wife he went to bed and slept like a log.

It was with high hopes that Gus Jiffers and Alf Klemp entered the offices of Benjamin Tulkington the next morning, and the secretary's "Come right in, Mr. Jiffers; Mr. Tulkington is expecting you," seemed a good omen. Mr. Tulkington, in fact, was standing with his fat wallet in his hand when Augustus

entered the private office, and without a word he put two banknotes in his nephew's hand. It needed hardly a glance to tell Augustus that they were two tens.

"What's this for?" Gus Jiffers asked but he knew only too well that his Uncle Benjamin meant the paltry sum to pay for the stealing of Toto.

"That pays you," said Mr. Tulkington, putting his wallet in his pocket. "Divide that with your confederate any way you like. And now let me give you some good advice, young man. Mend your ways. Give up this life of crime. Keep on and your end will be the penitentiary, the hangman's noose or the electric chair. One step leads to another; you begin by stealing dogs; you'll end in the death cell. Take warning."

With these words Mr. Tulkington turned his back and seated himself at his desk. He was through with Augustus.

"But, Uncle Benjamin, twenty dollars!"

"Go away and don't bother me," Mr. Tulkington growled. "Take that or leave it; it's all you'll get. And remember this, young man—you stole a dog; you can go to jail for that. That's all. I'm busy."

IT was not until they were on the street that Augustus ventured to show Alf Klemp the pitifully small sum their crime had produced, and Mr. Klemp's indignation flared in words.

"The tight wad!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't you slam the money in the old buzzard's face, Gus? You're not going to stand it, are you, Gus?"

"Twenty dollars is twenty dollars, Alf. What can we do about it? We did steal the dog, Alf; he can put us in jail."

"We could take the cur back," Alf suggested. "We could tell her the old buzzard put us up to stealing it."

"I say!" cried Augustus, but the next moment his enthusiasm fled again. "She wouldn't believe us," he said. "She wouldn't believe that of Uncle Benjamin."

"Couldn't you do the repentant nephew act, Gus? Tempted by uncle, steals dog, conscience ripped to frazzles when he thinks of poor Aunt Clara, returns dear Toto to aunt's hungering arms?"

"It won't work, Alf."

"Not if conscience stricken nephew confesses with tears and places ten dollar bills on top of dog, Gus? It would touch her to the quick, Gus. Give her the story of a young man driven to desperation by poverty. She ought to get out the check book, Gus, if you pile it on thick enough."

"It won't work, Alf. She has too much faith in Uncle Benjy to swallow it."

They strode along up Broadway in silence, thinking their bitter thoughts of the niggardliness of Uncle Benjamin.

"Alf!" Gus Jiffers ejaculated, stopping short. "Alf, wait!"

Augustus had stopped before the window of a half-portion book shop. The window was filled with gaudily jackeded books and every book was a crime mystery novel.

"What now?" Alf Klemp asked. "You ain't going to buy a book, are you?"

"Buy a book? Don't be a fool, Alf. Keep still; I'm getting an idea. I've got it! First the crime—"

"Yes?"

"And then the bright young detective. Don't you get it yet, Alf? Dog stolen, Aunt Clara in tears, all hope gone.

Then Jiffers on the job, clever work by the keen young sleuth, dog rescued from ruthless scoundrels and bright young detective rewarded."

"What a brain; what a brain!" whispered Alf Klemp with awe. It's a (Continued on page 53)



"What is this country coming to when a citizen can be torn limb from limb by a ravenous hound?"



*His screw propeller model brought Fitch no more aid than his previous inventions*

# “What a Pity, He’s Crazy”

by Charles Spencer Hart

*Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt*

FOR more than a century an unmarked grave in Bardstown, Kentucky, contained what was mortal of one of the greatest mechanical geniuses of all time—a mute witness to the way in which we write our history. Its occupant, unhonored and unsung, had even been denied the last wish of a lonely and unrequited life: the desire that he be buried “on the margin of the Ohio, where the song of the boatmen might penetrate my resting place and where the sound of the steam engine might send its echoes abroad.”

Under that mound, unmarked from his death in 1798 until 1926, lay the remains of “Little Johnny Fitch,” the “Connecticut Yankee” who was the first inventor of a boat to operate by steam power—by means of paddles and wheels—and also the first screw propeller steamboat ever put into successful operation.

Copyright, 1934, by Charles Spencer Hart

All this occurred in 1785—twenty-two years before Robert Fulton’s *Clermont* slowly chugged up the Hudson on what “history” tells us was the “first steamboat voyage.”

Here is concrete proof of this: By a special act the New York State Legislature, in 1817, duly decreed that Fitch was the inventor—and to quote a distinguished New Yorker of the present day—“You’ve got to depend on the record.” History errs so many times that it is not strange that Henry

Ford once testified to the effect that “history is the bunk.” Another and equally prominent man, of ancient times, once said: “The only thing we can learn from history is that we cannot learn anything from history.”

John Fitch was born in Connecticut on January 21, 1743. His father’s house was at East Windsor near Hartford—so near that it was right on the dividing line between the two

*THE story of a forgotten man of history whose genius and perseverance resulted in one of the world’s greatest inventions; whose grave for 128 years did not even have a marker, and who died a suicide, broken by the world he tried to aid—*

“Little Johnny Fitch,” the  
Real Inventor of the Steamboat



communities. More of the house was in Hartford than in Windsor, so Fitch always said he was born in Hartford. He frequently said that even from birth he and his fortunes were "just on the line."

His early life was a hard one. Almost no education was afforded him, his father having run away and left his mother and family. His mother died soon after. He managed to learn something about surveying and did a little work for the Governor of Connecticut, who refused to pay him. He was apprenticed to a nearby clock-maker but the latter used him to work in the fields so that he did not get to learn his trade as he should have. Then he worked at potash making and brass founding. All in all, he painfully acquired a small amount of schooling and some smattering of surveying, clock making, engraving and brass work.

At twenty-six he married a local girl but theirs was a turbulent existence. After many quarrels he left her for good, believing that he could not live with her any longer and find happiness or a successful career. Many years after in one of his letters, still extant, he writes: "I know of nothing so perplexing and vexatious to a man of feeling as a turbulent

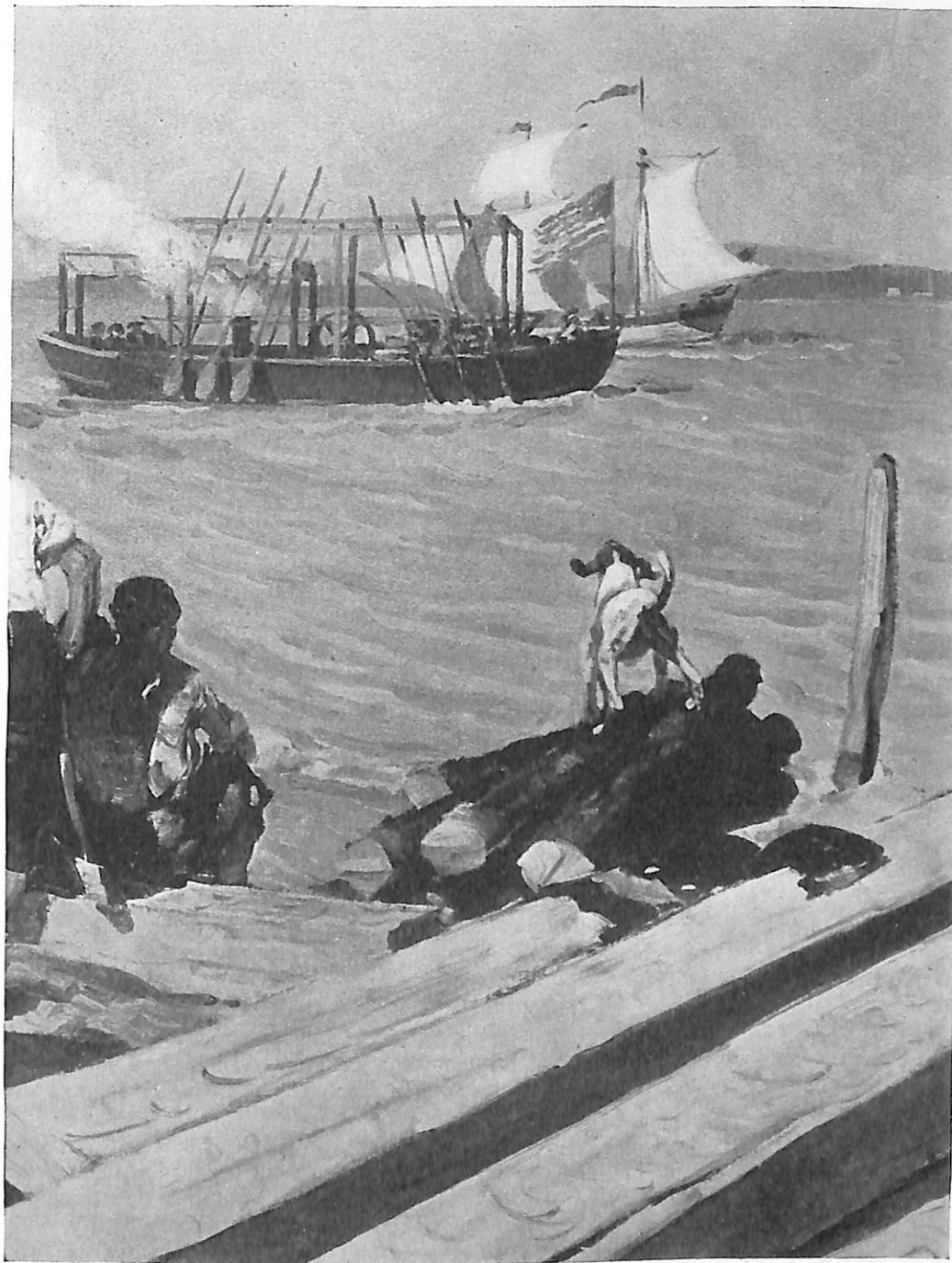
wife and steamboat building. I experienced the former and quit in season. Had I been in my right senses I should undoubtedly have treated the latter in the same manner. But for one man to be afflicted with both, he must be looked upon as the most unfortunate man in the world."

At least he showed more perseverance in the matter of his steamboat than he did in his family affairs—for which human progress may be thankful!

It is recorded that when he left home his wife ran down the road after him and promised to "behave," but John went right on. In later years his wife inherited a large fortune and sent for him. But in spite of his poverty and what the money could have done for his boats he refused to return. A stubborn gentleman was "Little Johnny."

To Albany then went Fitch, and thence to New York, working his way at odd jobs. Finally he reached New Jersey. At Trenton he tarried a while and learned something about the art of silversmithing. He built up quite a business for himself and at the outbreak of the Revolution was comparatively wealthy.

He then turned to gunsmithing and managed to get plenty



*It was the first time in history that any boat was driven up stream by any motive power other than human*

for the British soldiers, found a new way to make potash for them and in many ways applied the queer conglomeration of practical knowledge he had picked up in the course of his wanderings.

Fort Lernoult, on the site of the present Detroit Post Office building—held him for some time. His news of the surrender at Yorktown was the first the British in Detroit had heard of this momentous occurrence. Soon after this Fitch was released. After a return visit to Ohio and Kentucky he went back East, but in the meantime he engaged in a map-making exploit which is a most amazing incident in the career of this strange genius.

**F**ITCH made the first map of the then North-West territory. He not only drew it but engraved it on copper, printed it and colored it by hand. Later he sold copies to help finance his invention of the steamboat. A copy of his map is on the walls of the Senate wing of the Capitol at Washington today.

In 1785 he was back in Pennsylvania, at Neshamony. Here a touch of rheumatism not only brought about the invention of the steamboat but very nearly caused the invention of the automobile—a fact of history that no school book will tell you, but which is, nevertheless, fully authenticated.

The only thing that prevented Fitch from putting a workable steam automobile on the roads of our country was the unfortunate fact that there weren't any roads worthy of the name. Had there been, another significant event would have been in the record books—although Fitch probably would have experienced just as much grief with this invention as he did with his steamboats.

to do. Joining the American army, he rose to the rank of Captain, but later lost his commission because of his quarrelsome nature. It was, though, more a well founded belief in himself and the superior air he assumed that made trouble for him with his associates. He believed so thoroughly in his destiny and his abilities that he would stomach no opposition.

Fitch then became a sutler to the army and spent that terrible winter in Valley Forge with Washington.

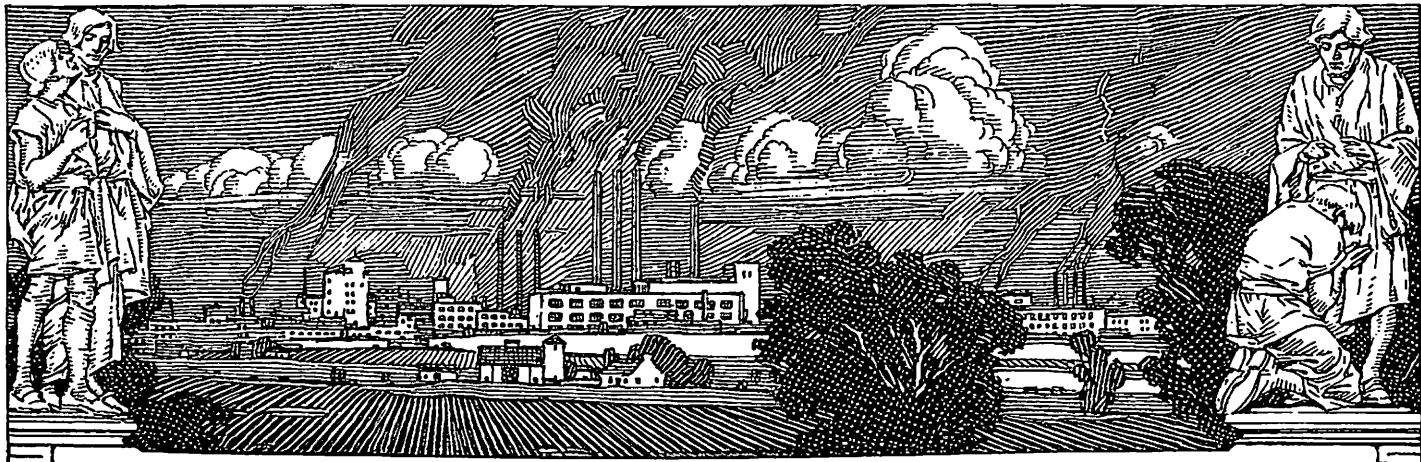
At the outbreak of the Revolution he had buried a small fortune in silver metal in New Jersey. When the war was over he returned to dig it up and found it gone. Always played in hard luck, did John. The \$40,000 he had accumulated was so depreciated by the war that Fitch was again on his uppers.

Calling to his aid his knowledge of surveying he went out to the new settlements in Kentucky in 1780, and was one of the earliest to travel in that country. While engaged in this work he was captured by the Indians and carried across Ohio to Detroit as a prisoner. He improved his time and made friends with his captors by engraving their powder horns with fanciful scenes. At the fort in Detroit he engraved buttons

on the roads of our country was the unfortunate fact that there weren't any roads worthy of the name. Had there been, another significant event would have been in the record books—although Fitch probably would have experienced just as much grief with this invention as he did with his steamboats.

**O**NE day he was walking with a friend at Warminster, along the river bank. His rheumatism bothered him. He saw a man riding along in his horse-drawn vehicle and began to speculate aloud on methods of traveling without the trouble of keeping a horse. He dreamed first of using steam for propelling land vehicles, but when he started making his working plans, the thought of the rough and bumpy roads deterred him. Then the river suggested another plan and he started his first steamboat. His earliest model had buckets in place of paddle blades but the wheels picked up too much water and slowed up the boat, so he switched his plan to side paddles and also used a series of oars and sweeps.

His friends listened coldly to his plans but nevertheless, on a day in August, 1787, the first (Continued on page 39)



## EDITORIAL

### REFINEMENT

**E**VEN the most precious of metals are rarely found in a pure state. They are quite generally fused or mixed with baser impurities, from which they must be freed before they become commercially valuable or useful in the arts. This is called refining. Somewhat the same process is frequently necessary to be employed in order that the highest human qualities and attributes may become most effectively serviceable.

The noblest of virtues, the finest abilities, in an individual lose much of their force and power if their possession and exercise be accompanied by coarseness or a lack of delicacy of feeling and conduct. Without the refinement which cleanses them from the defilement of grosser attributes, the most efficient man cannot be a true gentleman, the most accomplished woman is not a real lady.

The lack of refinement has brought many a promising career to naught. Many who were in the way of becoming public idols, have lost their popularity by offending the generally accepted standards of fitness and propriety.

A natural ability will be recognized. But its accomplishments will be thwarted when its display is accompanied by blatant egotism, or by too complacent an air of self sufficiency. Selfishness will mar a personality which is otherwise admirable. Insincerity is wholly incompatible with those qualities which command respect. Inconsideration of others, insolence toward inferiors, truckling to those of station and influence, are base alloys which must be refined away in order that one may maintain himself in the fullness of his power among men.

True refinement, in this sense, is not sissiness nor effeminacy. It is not based upon a mere knowledge of which spoon should be used for soup, nor of any such inconsequentialities. It is the modesty of real goodness, the gentleness of true courage, the toleration of assured conviction, the thoughtful consideration of another's opinions, even the regard for his prejudices.

Some of its outward manifestations may be taught. But real refinement must be absorbed and become a part of one's very being. It is that indefinable something which gives the greatest force to character, the sweetest

flavor to all the virtues; and the lack of which tragically handicaps the most highly endowed.

### HUNTING A JOB

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the fact that industrial conditions are much improved, it is still true that the number of unemployed men and women in the United States is appallingly high. The great majority of them would gladly work if the opportunity were presented. And many thousands of these, including many Elks, are actively seeking that opportunity.

Assuming the exigent needs of the applicants, it may be appropriately suggested that it is wiser to be really *hunting a job* than to indicate a mere willingness to accept appointment to a position. There is a difference which frequently has much to do with the chances of success.

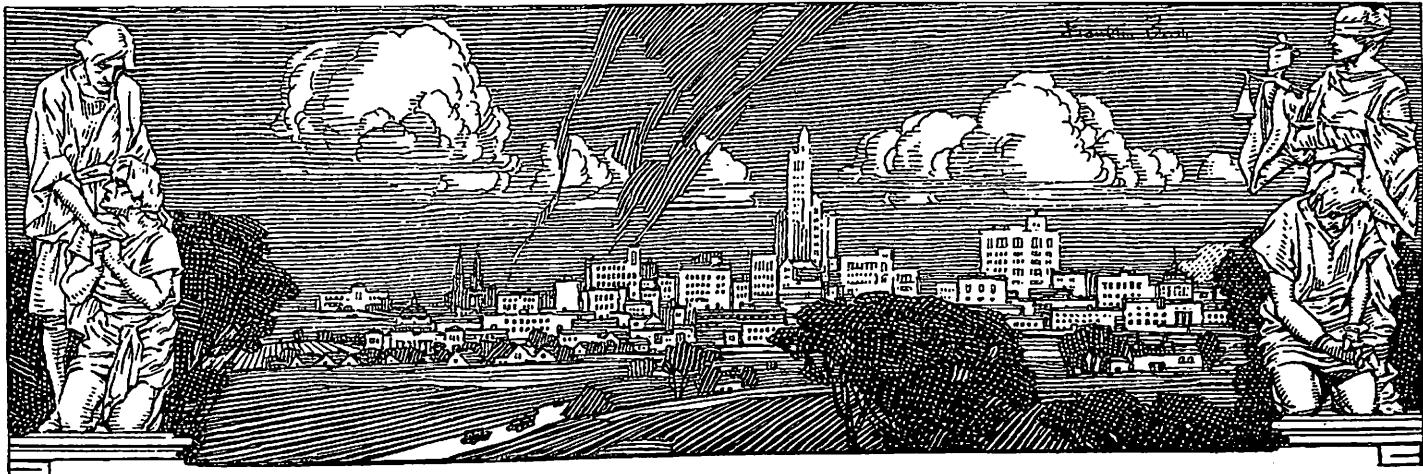
But this does not imply any lack of self respect. Job hunting should be conducted with dignity, without fear and without apology. The applicant has something to sell that somebody else wants. It is his ability and willingness to do a certain job. Sooner or later the two will come together with mutual satisfaction and profit.

One should make a real job of job hunting. He should not drift aimlessly about, hoping that someone will offer him work. He should canvas the possible places where he thinks an opening may be found; and then visit them in order, with a real purpose to sell his qualifications to the employer. Undue persistence defeats its purpose; but one should be earnest enough not to quit at the first failure nor to become discouraged by repeated rebuffs.

Personal appearance and deportment are important factors which should not be overlooked. One's suit may not be new; but it should be well brushed. Cleanliness and neatness are assets that should be made apparent.

An odor of liquor on the breath is not a good introduction. A cigarette in the mouth will quite surely not help. There are some employers who do not object to these; but there are probably none who would regard them as qualifications.

And it should be remembered that those who are now



employed are not always the most capable, the most cheerful, nor the most efficient employees. Astute employers are always on the lookout to enlarge their percentage of those who have these qualifications. One who possesses them and who patiently and industriously and intelligently hunts a job, will sooner or later find it.

## THE PRICE SHOULD BE PAID

**T**HOSE of us who live in the quieter corners are apt to regard too lightly the suggestion that there are many men and women who are persistently sapping at the foundations of our system of government, with a real capacity for evil. We are personally acquainted with all our neighbors; we know them to be quite like ourselves; and, because we see so little evidence of it in our own communities, we feel secure against any disruptive propaganda or destructive activity.

But in the crowded centers, with their large groups of foreign born and unassimilated inhabitants, where viciousness may more easily hide and more insidiously exert its influence, where events more quickly shape themselves and more suddenly erupt into violence, and where mass misery and restlessness furnish more fallow fields, it is known that there is a real menace from those who plot against our democracy.

The article in the July issue of *THE ELKS MAGAZINE*, by Boyden Sparkes, gives some specific accounts of the methods employed and the dangers involved. It indicates a condition in which all Elks have a very real interest and as to which the Order owes a very definite duty. In his speech of acceptance at Kansas City, Grand Exalted Ruler Elect Shannon urgently appealed to all Elks to realize this menace and to fully observe this obligation.

The inculcation of true Americanism in the hearts and minds of its members is but the initial step in the patriotic service to which the Order is dedicated. The purposeful influence which it exerts upon the thoughts and opinions of others, by its public ceremonials and through the examples of its members, is another, and perhaps a longer, stride. But, through its local Lodges, it should also be alert to discover dangerous propaganda or more open attacks, and should be prompt and direct in opposing them, in every way deemed effective.

Every true Elk is a true patriot. He exemplifies his patriotism in his daily life. And he should, by word and deed, strike a blow at every move that seeks to raise the red flag against the Stars and Stripes.

It is neither wise nor safe to assume that any such effort, however apparently futile, will accomplish no important result. The effort itself constitutes a danger. Our democracy assures to us that liberty which is our most cherished heritage. And it must be remembered that eternal vigilance is the price to be paid for its preservation. That price should be paid willingly and generously by our patriotic fraternity.

## FULL-TIME DEPUTIES

**T**HE new plan, under which the Grand Exalted Ruler appoints his District Deputies immediately following the Grand Lodge session, instead of waiting until late September or October is was long the custom, has proved its wisdom. Under it the Order has the benefit of the services of these important officers for the whole year. They are now really full time Deputies.

Many of the appointees had been in attendance upon the Convention, had met the Grand Exalted Ruler-elect, and had perhaps discussed with him some of the problems of their jurisdictions. In such cases it is but natural that the Deputies should at once enter actively upon their duties, enthused by their recent experiences and contacts, and earnest in their purpose to become helpful agencies as the personal representatives of the Grand Exalted Ruler in their respective Districts.

In general there have been fewer failures to make the prescribed official visits and fewer delinquencies in filing the required reports. In numerous instances, where special circumstances have justified it, additional timely visitations have been made by the Deputy best fitted to handle the situation, instead of by his successor with less knowledge of the conditions to be dealt with.

It is physically impossible for the Grand Exalted Ruler to give personal attention to the affairs of all of the subordinate Lodges. It is necessary that he do this in most cases through his statutory representatives. The existing policy gives to those representatives a full year for such attention to those matters, instead of nine months, with a consequent better opportunity to accomplish desired results. It is anticipated that further experience will justify the continuance of this policy.

# Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

### Penna. S. W. Elks Elect New Officers

Representatives from the 21 Lodges comprising the Southwest District Association of Pennsylvania met recently at Allegheny Lodge, No. 339, at the regular monthly gathering of the organization. The principal business was the election of officers to serve for the next twelve months. The following were elected unanimously: President, John M. Shaw, Brownsville Lodge; Vice-President, Frank S. Rode, Jeannette Lodge; Secretary, Charles S. Brown, Allegheny Lodge; and Treasurer, Gomer A. Gibson, Monongahela Lodge.

The following were elected members of the Executive Committee: Chairman, Clarence E. Stoner, Braddock Lodge; Bruce Rodgers, Washington Lodge; William F. Jones, Pittsburgh Lodge; William C. Westcoat, Brownsville Lodge; Walter L. Tisdale, Wilkinsburg Lodge; James E. Franks, Carnegie Lodge, and Paul Beckstein, McKees Rocks Lodge. Outgoing Pres. Lee Donaldson of Etna Lodge was elected to an honorary life membership in the Association.

More than 250 Elks and their ladies attended the gathering at Allegheny Lodge. During the business meeting the ladies were entertained at cards and the successful contestants were the recipients of many handsome prizes. A well appointed banquet was served to close a most enjoyable day.

John F. Nugent, Correspondent



*Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Mallzy, Past Exalted Ruler John J. O'Connor, of Boston Lodge; Frederick W. Mansfield, Mayor of Boston, and Joe Downing, of THE ELKS MAGAZINE Tour, at Boston, Mass.*

### W. E. Renaud of St. Albans, Vt., Wins Scholarship Award

An Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$300 has been awarded to William E. Renaud of St. Albans, Vt., through the Vermont State Elks Association. Mr. Renaud is nineteen years of age. He is work-



*William E. Renaud, of St. Albans, Vt., who received an Elks National Foundation Scholarship from the Vermont State Elks Assn.*

ing his way through Fordham University and has just completed his freshman year. Mr. Renaud is planning to become a lawyer.

### Varied Activities of Pekin, Ill., Lodge

Pekin, Ill., Lodge, No. 1271, is about to inaugurate an invitational membership campaign. Fifty members will meet with E.R. John T. Culbertson, Jr., and P.E.R. Henry Ehrhardt, Chairman of the Membership Committee. These members will be divided into five 10-man teams who will contact 400 citizens of Pekin, inviting them to join the Lodge. The campaign will be concluded at a Victory Meeting. The class of candidates, to be known as the Grand Exalted Ruler's Class, will be initiated during the fall, at which time the Lodge hopes to be honored with a visit from Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon.

Pekin Lodge enjoys an enviable reputation in its home town, and is usually the first to volunteer in any community project. The Lodge Home, which has the largest floor space in the city, is a center of many civic and community activities, and the meeting place of numerous large gatherings. Pekin Lodge is also noted for its social activities.

No. 1271 has four bowling alleys, upon which over 400 Elks and their ladies bowl each season. The local league consists of 30 teams. Another feature of the Lodge life is the attention paid to the ladies. The Lodge owes much of its success to the fact that the mothers, sisters, wives and daughters of Elks enjoy the privileges of the Home. Each year over 200 Elks' ladies bowl in the tournaments on the Lodge alleys. Saturday night is family night, at which time both Elks and their ladies participate in the contests, which are followed by a supper.

The sons of Elks are granted special Club privileges. The ladies of deceased Elks are issued a ladies' card each year, and their sons, if under 21 years of age, are also allowed Club privileges, thus affording boys who are deprived of a father's influence in the home to find the nearest approximation to it.

Many boys and girls receive medical aid from the Elks of Pekin, who hold clinics for crippled children during the year. At the most recent of the clinics, 40 cases were examined by well-known specialists.

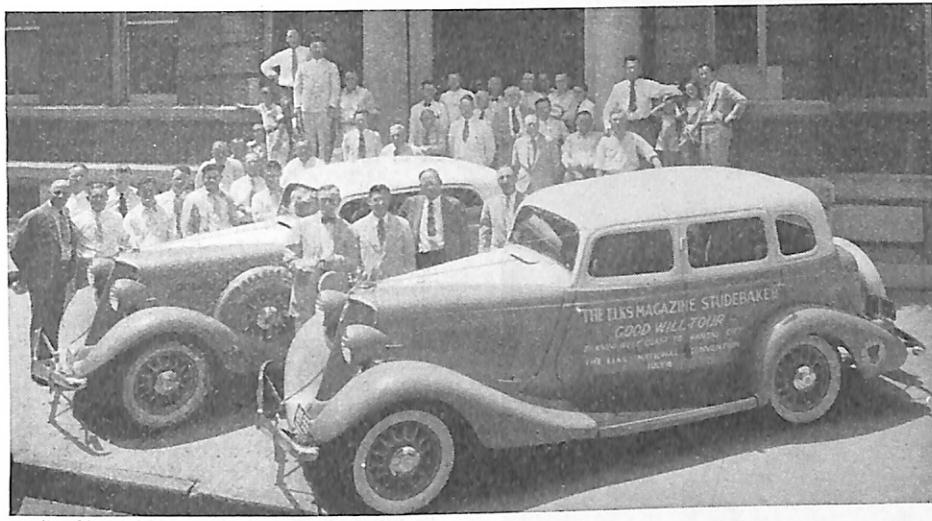
Roy S. Preston, Secy.

### Ariz. State Elks Assn. Hospital Publishes Booklet

At the Grand Lodge Convention in Kansas City in July, members of the Arizona State Elks Assn. distributed an illustrated magazine to the rooms of all the Grand Lodge delegates. It contains a highly interesting account of the Arizona State Elks Tuberculosis Hospital located at Tucson, Ariz. At this hospital Elks afflicted with tuberculosis



*Participants in the Annual Orphans' Day Picnic held recently by Savannah, Ga., Lodge*



McDonald

**The Elks Magazine Good Will Tour Ambassadors at the Home of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge, surrounded by members of the Lodge**

are taken excellent care of at nominal rates. The booklet gives in detail the operation of the Hospital and the reasons which caused the State Association to establish a Tubercular Hospital as its main charitable activity. It also contains a number of pictures of the Hospital and other similar institutions located in and around Tucson.

A copy of the magazine will be sent to any Elk who may be interested in the project if he will write the Arizona State Elks Hospital, P. O. Box 631, Tucson, Ariz.

*Jacob Gunst, Executive Chairman,  
Ariz. State Elks Assn. Hospital*

**Anti-Communist Speech Delivered at Fresno Meeting by Oakland Lodge Member**

The Elks of California, in common with many Americans, feel that Communism is an increasingly vital problem to be faced in this country. State Pres. J. Thomas Crowe, of Tulare Lodge, has made this issue his major activity during his term of office.

At a recent outdoor meeting sponsored by Fresno, Calif., Lodge, No. 439, Fred E. Stewart, a prominent member of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, addressed the members of the many civic and fraternal organizations which participated, warning them of the perils that Communism holds for citizens of the United States. The meeting, attended by more than 8,000 people, was in charge of E.R. Rae B. Carter of Fresno Lodge, who was assisted by his corps of officers.

Mr. Stewart has been a member of the Order for the past 28 years and is well known in California. His address was a splendid call-to-arms against Communism, arousing the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the audience.

*Harry B. Hoffman, President,  
San Joaquin Valley Elks Assn.*

**E.R. John W. Pace, of Tampa, Fla., Lodge, Succumbs**

To the great sorrow of his many friends, E.R. John W. Pace, also a Past Exalted Ruler of Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, died suddenly on Saturday, July 21. Mr. Pace was at home preparing his report of the Grand Lodge sessions when he was stricken. He had returned from Kansas City on the previous afternoon and had, that morning, occupied his usual chair at the daily Coffee Club meeting of the Lodge. Late that afternoon he suffered a heart attack from which he failed to recover.

Mr. Pace had been a resident of Tampa for 25 years, coming there from Union City,

Tenn. At the time of his death he was Manager of the Municipal Airport and Superintendent of Bridges for the City of Tampa. He had held the latter position for 20 years.

Initiated on May 15, 1929, Mr. Pace made rapid advancement in Elksdom, being immediately appointed Chaplain. He subsequently advanced through the various chairs



The Hardy Studio

**A 16-point elk's head belonging to Frankfort, Ind., Lodge. The head, from an animal killed prior to 1885, was presented by Thomas Paris**

and was elected Exalted Ruler in March, 1933. In April, 1934, against his wishes and advice, he was elected to another term. When he took over his duties for the year

1934-35, he told the membership that he wanted a large class of candidates to be initiated on the Wednesday night before he would leave for the Grand Lodge Convention. He was not disappointed when 36 fine citizens stood before him on that night, taking the degrees of the Order.

On Sunday, July 22, the Exalted Ruler's body was brought to the Lodge Home where a Guard of Honor remained on duty until the funeral service the following day. The funeral was performed with impressive ceremonies conducted by the officers of the Lodge, both at the Lodge Home and at the cemetery. Interment was at Orange Hill.

While Exalted Ruler Pace was at the Grand Lodge Convention a resolution was passed by Tampa Lodge which would have made him an honorary life member. The resolution was to have been acted upon July 25 in accordance with Grand Lodge law. After the Lodge of Sorrow was held for him, members of No. 708 voted on the resolution in a secret ballot. After the ballot it was moved, seconded and carried that the motion be carried unanimously.

*Carl A. Epping, Secy.*

**Aurora, Ill., Lodge Receives Interesting Letter**

The following letter was received and sincerely appreciated by the Elks of Aurora, Ill., Lodge, No. 705:

*The Public Health Association of Aurora, Aurora, Ill.*

June 8.

My dear Mr. Hunt:

Last night when the West Side High grade received their diplomas my heart rejoiced as I saw Ruth Mary Smith walk up so straight and with just a slight limp to receive her diploma.

I wished all the Elks who have helped on the crippled children's program could have seen her, and realized what it means to this girl's future to have her feet straightened out.

Yours sincerely,  
*ANNA LOUISE DAVIS.*

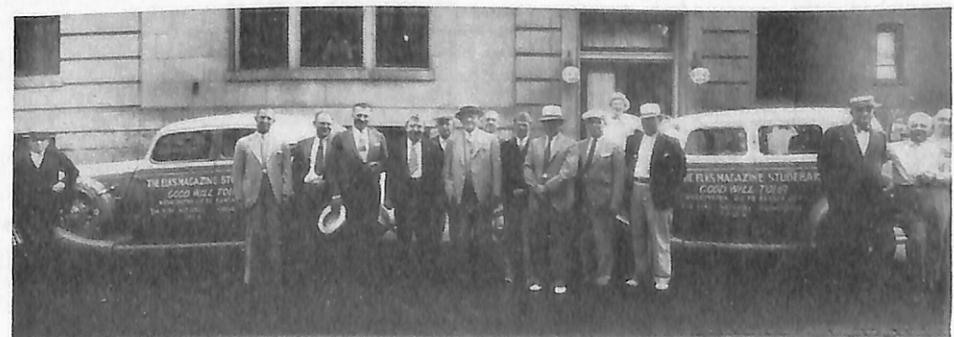
*Leonard J. Applequist, Secy.*

**Columbia, S. C., Lodge Proud of Its Ritualistic Team**

Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190, is particularly proud of the distinction accorded it when its ritualistic team attained first honors at the Convention of the South Carolina State Elks Assn., held recently in Charleston.

The team was composed of R. L. Fulmer, Jr., E.R.; J. B. Roddey, Est. Leading Knight; C. S. Monteith, Est. Loyal Knight; O. L. Cannon, Est. Lect. Knight; William Elliott, Jr., Esquire; T. D. Dunning, Chaplain; W. H. Harth, Secy.; G. C. Allen, Treasurer; John McCabe, Inner Guard, and A. C. Fetner, Tiler. Earl De Lay is Chairman of the Committee.

*William Herbert, Correspondent*



**Members of Altoona, Pa., Lodge and the Good Will Ambassadors posed in front of the Altoona Lodge Home with the cars**



A. H. Becker Studio

**The Elks Magazine Good Will Tour Ambassadors before the beautiful Home of Madison, Wis., Lodge; Right, and again at the Home of Sedalia, Mo., Lodge, surrounded by members, while at lower right they are with members of St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge**

Shraukler Studio

### Mr. Meier Visits the Incapacitated

As one of his last official acts as Grand Exalted Ruler, Walter F. Meier accompanied Jules Berens, Chairman of the Visiting Committee of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, on his visits to all the members on the sick list of the Lodge during the first week in July.

Many of those called upon are shut-ins who have been incapacitated for many months. They were more than pleased to receive the unusual honor of having the head of the Order call upon them with tidings of good cheer and fraternal greetings.

### Life Membership Card is Lost

Eugene B. Wiel, of Beaumont, Tex., Lodge, No. 311, whose permanent address is the Narragansett Hotel, 2508 Broadway, New York, N. Y., has lost his Life Membership Card (Membership No. 33). He requests that Lodges be on the lookout for anyone presenting this card without making the proper signature, and that the holder be asked to account for his custody of it. Mr. Wiel has made application to his home Lodge for a duplicate card.

### Charitable Activities of Union, N. J., Lodge

The Elks of Union, N. J., are well known throughout the surrounding territory for their many acts of charity and helpfulness. A recent incident is typical of the way in which things are done by Union Lodge, No. 1583.

A citizen of Union lost his job some time ago and also his home. He was obliged to leave Union to take up other work in order to support his wife and five children. Shortly afterward two of the children were severely injured in an automobile accident. Necessities were provided for the family, together with legal and medical advice, by the Union Elks.

Then the man lost his second job. Union Lodge felt that the children needed advantages that could only be provided by residence in Union. It obtained a job for the man and completed arrangements for

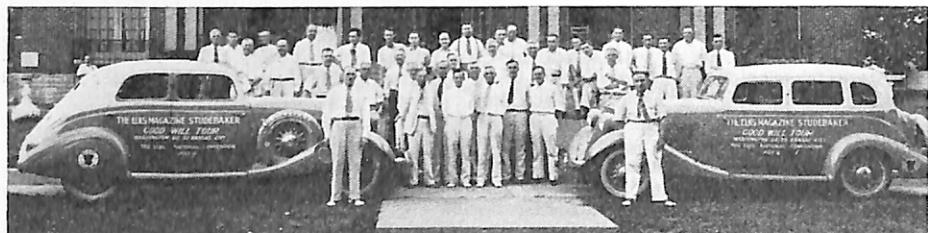
Isaac Gelber. Christmas baskets and other works of charity make up the rest of the program of benevolence. All this has been done without publicity. None the less the word has gone around in Union, and No. 1583 has made for itself an enviable position in the community.

Stanley Parkins, Secretary

### Orphans Entertained by Savannah, Ga., Lodge

Savannah, Ga., Lodge, No. 183, held its annual Orphans Day Picnic at Savannah Beach. This is an affair which the Lodge has been carrying on for the last twelve or fifteen years, inviting every orphaned child in the vicinity to attend. The recent picnic saw 400 children in attendance. Boxes of lunch were prepared by the Ladies Committee of the Lodge and distributed to the children. During the course of the day bathing and games were enjoyed.

In addition to the treat provided for the children, a Charity Ball was held at the Tybrisa Pavilion that evening, and a bath-

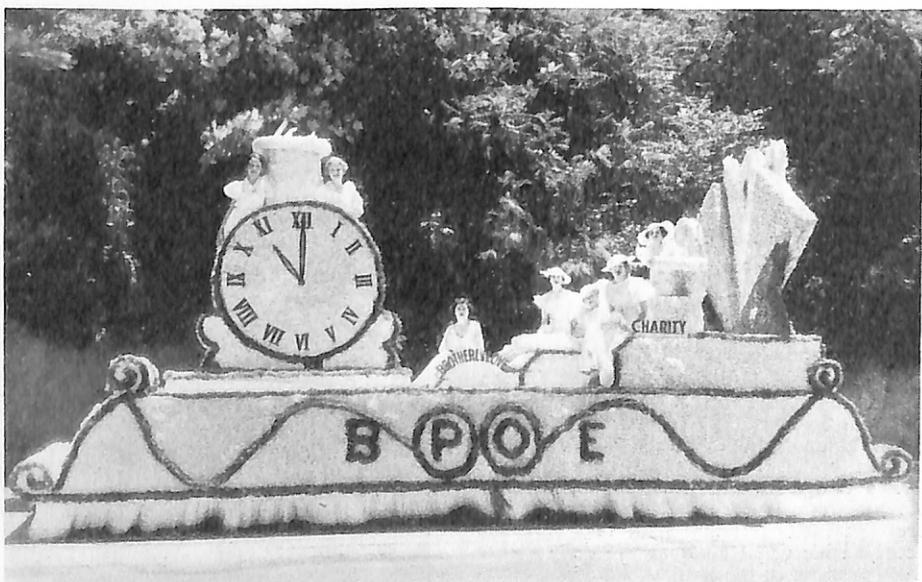


bringing him and his family back to the City, all expenses being paid by the Lodge.

Most residents are fully aware of Union Lodge's activities in the relief of crippled children, under the able direction of Ex-Chief Charles Hopkins, assisted by Dr.

ing beauty contest conducted. To stimulate interest in the dance and the picnic, the Savannah Fire Department Band donated its services several times before the events.

James F. Meyer, Correspondent  
Arthur Sternshine, Est. Leading Knight



*The float prepared by Asheville, N. C., Lodge, and entered in the Asheville Annual Rhododendron Festival Parade. Asheville Lodge's entry won second prize*

# Eastern Edition

*This Section Contains Additional News of Eastern Lodges*

## Lakeland, Fla., Lodge Aids Crippled Children's Home

Lakeland, Fla., Lodge, No. 1291, staged a big entertainment and dance for the benefit of the Elks Crippled Children's Home at Umatilla. This proved to be one of the most successful events ever put on by the Lodge, and a nice profit was made for the Home.

A Committee of ladies assisted the regular Entertainment Committee of the Lodge and carried out a Hawaiian motif. The hall was attractively decorated, showing Hawaiian beaches, the Hawaiian moon and plenty of Hawaiian beauties in grass skirts and leis.

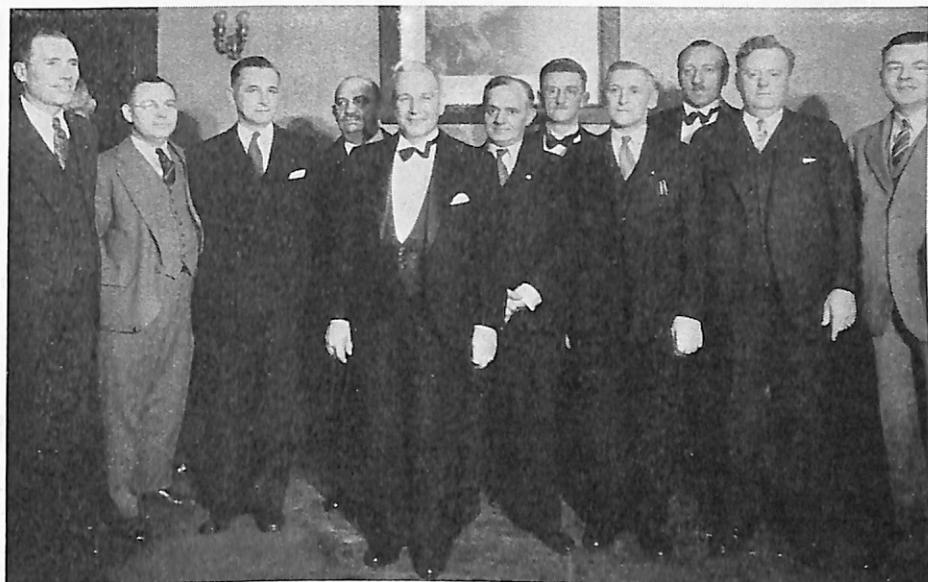
William Steitz, Secy.

## Birmingham, Ala., Lodge Life Member Is Honored

A statue of the Rev. J. A. "Brother" Bryan, an Honorary Life Member of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, was recently erected in a grassy plot in the middle of the street at Five Points. Mr. Bryan is the City Chaplain and Pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church of Birmingham, though his good works and inexhaustible kindness long ago outgrew the confines of that little Church and have caused him to be known as the Pastor-at-large of Birmingham.

At the services in the Highlands Methodist Church, which were held to dedicate formally the statue to Mr. Bryan, the Pastor himself was present, taking an ordinary pew among the hundreds of people who crowded the Church to pay him tribute. He had to be found in the audience and led to the platform. George Bridges, the sculptor who designed the statue, sat with him.

Among those who addressed the gathering at the dedication were Ralph E. Parker, speaking for the City; Harry Denman, speaking for the State, by appointment of Governor B. M. Miller, and Judge C. N. Feidelson, representing *The Birmingham News*. Judge Richard V. Evans, one of Mr. Bryan's parishioners in the Third Presbyterian Church, gave a talk on "Brother Bryan as Pastor." Other speakers were James E. Mills, Jr., Editor of the *Post*; Dr. Frank McDonald, Pastor of the Woodlawn Baptist Church; W. D. Bishop, President of the County Commission, and Mrs. A. L. Kidd, President of the Woman's Civic Club, sponsors of the statue. U. S. Senator Hugo Black of Alabama dedicated the statue, and Mrs. Charles J. Sharpe accepted it on be-



*A group of the P. E. R.'s of Kearny, N. J., Lodge, left to right, P. E. R.'s Joseph Murray and Dr. John Hanold; P. D. D. John J. Lenehan, P. E. R. Frank J. Hanold, P. D. D. Thomas Osborne, and P. E. R.'s Fred Hartley, Sr., Thomas Flynn, John Blirer, Edward Holle, George V. Headley and Philip Thiele*

half of the Park and Recreation Board.

The granddaughters of Mr. Bryan unveiled the statue, and the honored guest of the day, Mr. Bryan himself, delivered a short prayer. Mr. Bryan has served the Third Presbyterian Church for more than forty-five years. It has been said that the venerable Pastor has kept more men out of prison than any other one man in the State of Alabama.

## Rochester, N. Y., Lodge Participates in Centennial Celebration

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, is co-operating wholeheartedly in the Rochester Centennial Celebration which began on Aug. 11 and is continuing through Sept. 9. A great many of the committee members, whose task it is to weld the huge undertaking into a smooth-running show, are Elks. T. Edward Freckleton, Secy. of Elks. T. Edward Freckleton, Secy. of Rochester Lodge, took charge of the advance ticket sale to Lodge members, and George C. Donahue, a Life Member of No. 24, is

Chairman of the Ticket Committee.

The Ticket Committee has undertaken—and at date of writing had virtually succeeded in—the task of selling 100,000 advance tickets to the Centennial. This success is largely due Mr. Donahue's efforts.

W. A. Shoemaker

## Recent Activities of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge

On May 8 Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, had the honor of conferring the degree of the Order upon United States Senator the Hon. Hamilton F. Kean, of New Jersey, and his son, Captain John Kean, in addition to a class of twenty other candidates. The initiation ceremonies were followed by a social session in the Lodge Auditorium.

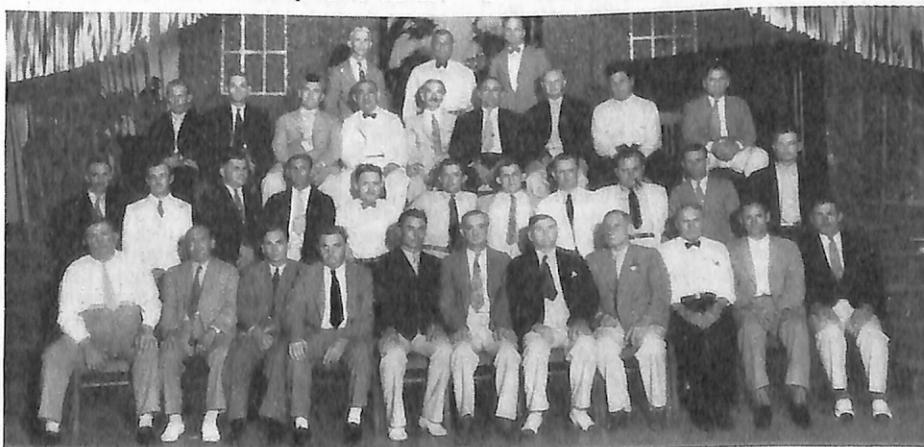
On June 9 the House Committee of Elizabeth Lodge, in an effort to strengthen the exchequer, promoted a Surprise Dance and Reception, also held in the Auditorium. The affair was open to Elks and to their friends. Ten awards, totaling \$500, were given away. The Surprise Dance was a complete success.

## Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge Tenders Dinner to P. E. R.

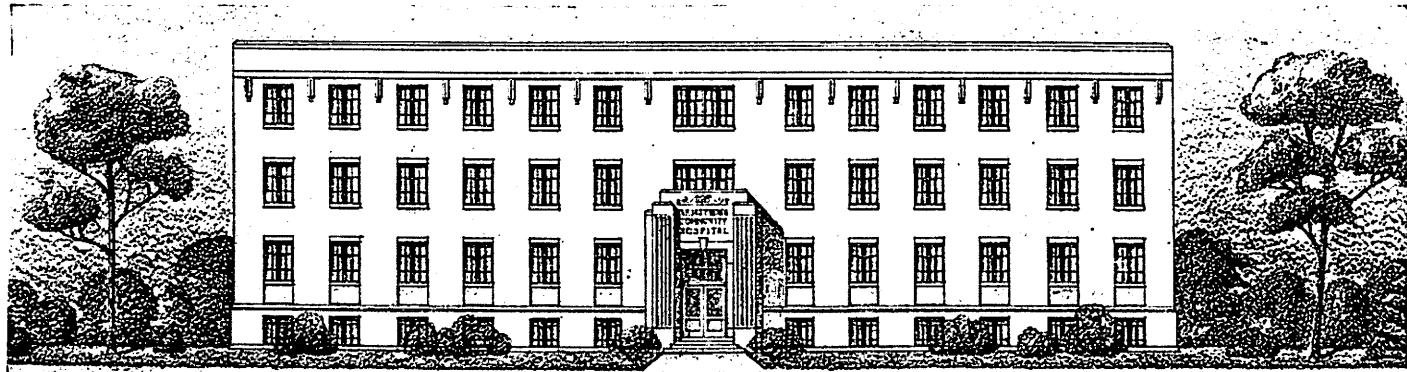
A testimonial dinner was recently tendered to retiring Exalted Ruler Frank J. Becker, of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515, by the members. The Chairman of the Dinner Committee, Dr. Michael Leftoff, Exalted Ruler-Elect, made the address of welcome and later presented Mr. Becker with a purse on behalf of the Lodge. Norman F. Lent had the pleasure of introducing his uncle, P.E.R. Aaron R. Lent, who presented to Mr. Becker a suitably engraved gold case in which to place his life membership card, as a gift from the members.

Addresses were made by D.D. Thomas F. Cuite, P.D.D. G. H. Papenmeyer, Harry Wolff, E.R. of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, and P.E.R. Sam Duberstein, also of No. 22. After the speeches an elaborate floor show was presented and dancing was enjoyed by the capacity crowd.

Martin Cook, Esquire



*Burger Bros.*  
*A class of candidates recently initiated into Tampa, Fla., Lodge. Standing in the last row, center, is the late John W. Pace, E. R. and P. E. R., who sponsored the class*



For raising the funds required to build this badly needed \$90,000 hospital after three other attempts had failed, Kittanning, Pa., Lodge No. 203 was awarded this year's Elk's National Foundation Award of \$1,000 for distinguished service. The Kittanning Elks themselves subscribed \$26,000 toward the project

## Supplementary Information on the Grand Lodge Business Sessions in Kansas City

### Conference of Grand Exalted Ruler-Elect with Exalted Rulers and Representatives

**G**RAND Exalted Ruler-elect Michael F. Shannon held a significant conference at 2:30 P. M. in the Orpheum Theatre with the Exalted Rulers and representatives of 1,000-odd Lodges on Tuesday, July 17. His opening remarks constituted a clarion call for a resumption of the oldtime goodfellowship which has always characterized Elkdom. He did not have to expatiate on this theme, he said, because the Order is founded on it. Nevertheless, he would like to see this spirit of goodfellowship exemplified more openly and, possibly, more generally—through the wearing of Elk buttons, and a renewal of the good old fraternal spirit.

The times, he said, have forced literally thousands of good fellows to crawl into their holes—men who need good fellowship and all that it signifies more than ever before. Many of these men are too proud to wear shiny clothes in public and too discouraged to take the initiative in finding good fellowship of their own accord. These are the men, he went on to say, to whom the big heart of Elkdom should go out. Every effort should be made to bring them into the fold—to convince them that there is nothing exclusive about the Order, but rather that it is a simple and wholesome cross-section of life in America.

Next the Grand Exalted Ruler-Elect introduced Grand Secretary Masters, who made a few informal remarks regarding the necessity of the Exalted Rulers working closely with their Lodge Secretaries. The latter should be encouraged, he said, to become more aggressive in collecting back dues. Real team work is essential in every subordinate Lodge of the Order. In spite of the fact that the Exalted Ruler is the leader of the Lodge, he cannot be expected to do everything himself; rather he must rely on a smoothly functioning team of officers in which the Secretary might well be described as the key man.

Mr. Shannon then went on to say how he intended to carry out the great program he had outlined in his acceptance speech at that morning's session. As he saw his job, he said, it was one of intensive administration rather than one of extensive speech-making or traveling. He explained that he felt the time had come in Elkdom's national affairs for the Grand Exalted Ruler to maintain frequent and detailed contacts with all the subordinate Lodges just as often as it was humanly possible to do so. For this purpose he had organized a well trained and capable staff, through the facilities of which

he expected to develop and disseminate information which would prove of service to every Exalted Ruler.

For example, he went on to say, he has already collected some 1,275 personnel cards giving specific information regarding the lives and characteristics of that many Exalted Rulers of the Order. A tabulation of these cards, which had been secured largely through the cooperation of Past District Deputy Charles S. Hart of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, showed, for instance, that 35% of the present Exalted Rulers had seen military service. Other data of even greater significance will be developed as his staff analyzes the cards in further detail.

Mr. Shannon went on to explain that he hoped the delegates would not derive the impression that his administration would be an impersonal one as a result of his decision to institute methods such as these. That, he

explained, was far indeed from his purpose. It was simply because of the physical impossibility of keeping in personal touch with 1,400 Lodges regularly that he had decided to rely on the mails and the telegraph wires for his contacts. He expressed the sincere hope that whenever he wrote an Exalted Ruler he would receive a prompt reply—and he promised not to flood them either with official or overly detailed communications.

Under the heading of "charitable and welfare work" the Grand Exalted Ruler-Elect urged the delegates to take care of the needy cases among the memberships of their respective Lodges first. "Let us remember," he said, "that an Elk is never forgotten, never forsaken."

Another constructive plan which the Grand Exalted Ruler-Elect advocated was what he termed an "act of friendship" by every Lodge on every meeting night. As an example of a relatively simple and greatly appreciated act of this character, he pointed to steps taken by Los Angeles Lodge one night when, in the course of the meeting, a Committee he had just appointed came in and reported that the eldest daughter in a destitute family of that City could not attend her high school graduation because she lacked the wherewithal to purchase a dress. A collection was taken up on the spot, and one member, a druggist, said that if the Committee would stop at his store on their way to the girl's home he would be glad to provide them with any medicinal necessities the family might require. Another member, a grocer, presented the Committee with a bountiful supply of food for this family, with the result that the act of friendship was consummated that very night, the grocer having gone with the Committee in order to open up his store.

Mr. Shannon explained that he would have more to say shortly regarding the details for carrying out this program, but that his plans included the possibility of a periodic nation-wide broadcast in which these acts of friendship (as reported to him by night letter by the various Lodges) would be placed on the air. In this way they would provide a great wave of friendship that would sweep out over the nation from coast to coast and result in such an overwhelming flood of good will toward Elkdom that new members would have to be selected rather than solicited.

Mr. Shannon then introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Chairman of the State Associations Committee. He explained that these organizations were unofficial groups of Lodges in

### The Grand Lodge of Sorrow

AT eleven o'clock on Wednesday, July 18th, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier turned over the gavel to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, No. 838, with the request that he conduct the annual memorial services for the departed members of the Grand Lodge. Grand Chaplain Dysart uttered a prayer for them, and the Quartette of Springfield, Mo., Lodge, No. 409, rendered "Going Home." This was followed by a solo sung by Mrs. Grace Nelson McTiernan, entitled "Good Bye," in which she was accompanied at the piano by Harry Kelly, organist of Kansas City Lodge. Mr. Kelly is the composer of "Good Bye."

The memorial address was then delivered by Grand Exalted Ruler Meier. It proved to be a most impressive, sincere and inspiring tribute to the departed brothers. "Justice is truth in action," was one of Mr. Meier's apt phrases. He concluded by saying: "May we all be prepared to sit with our departed brothers in that Celestial Lodge up above where the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Universe presides."

Springfield Lodge's Quartette rendered "Lead Kindly Light" most effectively and, with Mrs. McTiernan, led the entire audience in singing "Auld Lang Syne." The benediction was then rendered by Grand Chaplain Dysart to close the Grand Lodge of Sorrow.

the various States which had gathered together voluntarily in order to provide a common ground of service and good fellowship. His Committee, he said, was at the service of every Exalted Ruler of the Order, and he asked all who were interested in further details regarding this work to drop him a line. Many Lodges that have demonstrated their ability to serve their communities effectively have found in the State Association a method of broadening the scope of their service to the point where it has reached far greater state-wide proportions.

After Judge Thompson's remarks Mr. Shannon said that one of the finest features of the Grand Lodge had just been exemplified—namely, the wholehearted eagerness to continue to be of service to the Order after its highest honor had been conferred upon one. This spirit, he said, characterized all of the Past Grand Exalted Rulers. Their deliberations during the Grand Lodge gatherings carried them far into every night.

The Grand Exalted Ruler-Elect then went on to give his ideas as to how the Exalted Rulers could best sponsor the youth movement in their respective localities. He advocated the initiation of Antler Lodges in those communities where the Elk Lodges have a real desire to organize them and the sincerity of purpose required in properly guiding their development. The men of America do not have to train their boys and girls in the same militaristic way they are now being intensively trained in Europe, he emphasized, but the boys particularly should be given every opportunity to develop manliness and a wholesome and deeply rooted respect for American ideals and the American form of government.

The Antlers are a most helpful organization for this purpose, and they also serve ideally as training schools for future Elks. Mussolini, Mr. Shannon pointed out, has been putting Italy's youth through a series of schools—from kindergarten on up—with the result that today the cream of this vast horde has been selected and welded into an army of a million young men who are thoroughly trained in Fascist ideals.

In this country the Boy Scouts might well be regarded as the starting place for the development of future Elks. As the members of this splendid organization pass from Boy Scout age to Antler age they should be encouraged to join an Antler Lodge—and thence, when the time comes, an Elk Lodge. Through the proper welding together and coordination of these three fine institutions a splendid infusion of young blood could be provided for Elkdom.

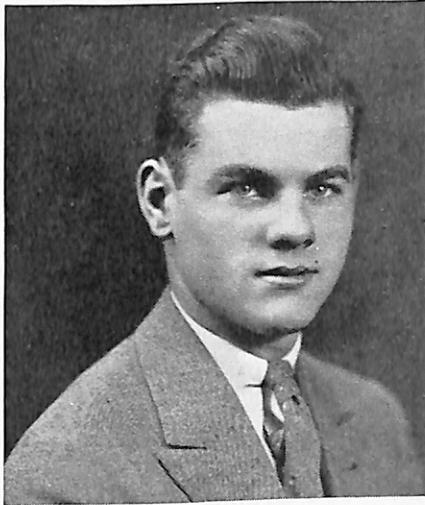
Mr. Shannon then asked C. Fenton Nichols of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, Chairman, Grand Lodge Antlers Council, to say a few words. Mr. Nichols said that he was sure that the entire Order shared California's pride in having elected "Mike" Shannon Grand Exalted Ruler. He explained that he would be available all week to answer questions and provide literature regarding the Antler organization and the formation of Antler Lodges. He ended his appropriate and well received remarks with the apt phrase "Let's lick the Communists by making the Eagle scream."

Mr. Shannon then went on to explain that the personnel cards to which he had referred previously, indicated that there are many thousands of sons of Elks who are now of the age to join the Order, but who have not yet done so. He suggested the advisability of holding a simultaneous initiation the country over for the exclusive initiation of sons of present members, and asked for the future comments of those present on this suggestion.

He stated that it would not be long before a condensed history of the Order would be available in pamphlet form. This brief history, he said, would be inspirational

in character, giving the high spots of Elkdom's career from its inception to date. It would prove to be an admirable piece of literature to give to prospective members, he said, and he suggested the advisability of quizzing them on its contents at the time of their initiation. In this way, he pointed out, they would quickly become steeped in the traditions of Elkdom and enthusiastic rooters for it.

This resultful informal conference was brought to a stirring close through the medium of a most effective display in which an American flag was raised by a huge



*Carroll Ross Layman, of Du-  
quoin, Ill., who won the 1934  
\$1000 Scholarship Prize awarded  
by the Elks' National Foundation*

chain representing the 1400 Lodges of Elkdom—one link for each Lodge. As the flag was elevated on the dais, the entire audience rose as one man, shouted their approval of every word Mr. Shannon had uttered, and voiced their determination to fight the good fight with him every day of the next 365.

The Grand Exalted Ruler-Elect's closing remarks were directed to the delegates as they stood. The flag symbolized the Order of Elks, he said, and the 1400 links in the chain were all of vital importance in supporting it. Let us not break a single link!

## Report of Lodge Activities Committee

THIS report marks the second year of life of the Lodge Activities Committee as now constituted, the members having been—

John R. Coen, Sterling, Colorado  
Robert S. Barnett, Alexandria, Virginia  
Charles S. Hart, New York  
E. J. McCormick, Toledo, Ohio  
Emmett T. Anderson, Tacoma, Wash.  
Geo. E. Strong, Washington, D. C.

The Committee created at the Birmingham Convention in 1932 was charged with the duty "of assisting subordinate Lodges in lapsation work, new membership effort, preparation of lodge activity programs and to secure through various publicity channels a greater appreciation and understanding on the part of the general public of the ideals and purposes of our Fraternity."

During the past year the work of the Committee has been circumscribed by funds available for active effort. No formal meetings have been held and contact between members of the Committee has been confined to correspondence and a conference with a part of the Committee at New York in February.

Our first and possibly major effort of the year was the sponsoring of the nation-wide broadcast in connection with Grand Exalted Ruler Meier's splendid and exceptionally suc-

cessful program for a simultaneous initiation of a "National Class" on Armistice night, November 11, 1933. The Grand Exalted Ruler has covered in his report the impressive results attained.

Brother Charles S. Hart of this Committee was responsible for working out the details of the nation-wide broadcast, using the facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting System. His tireless effort succeeded in the use of the Columbia system at a minimum expense, which with all entertainment charges, were paid out of the Committee's funds.

We also, in complete cooperation with Executive Director, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, sponsored the Elks National Bridge Tournament, which we believe was not only an outstanding success, but also pioneered an activity which will prove of lasting benefit to a great many of the subordinate Lodges. 486 Lodges with 32,000 players participated in this event. It pointed the way by concrete example for the introduction of organized, wholesome entertainment within the various Lodge buildings, in which the member, his family and his friends can participate. To Committeeman Hart and his colleague Bede Armstrong, we acknowledge our debt for time and effort expended.

In passing we desire to refer to the tremendous help of THE ELKS MAGAZINE staff in all our undertakings. Thousands of pieces of mail have been handled and distributed through the New York office without expense to the Grand Lodge.

During the past year, we have attempted to inaugurate a departure from the old form in the type and style of bulletin sent out to subordinate Lodges. Six in all, exclusive of Armistice Initiation and Bridge Tournament publicity, were distributed, as follows:

1. Stressing Lapsation and Reinstatement.
2. Organization and Initiation of Classes of Young Men—pursuant to the Milwaukee Amendment—to be known as "21-6 Classes."
3. Christmas and Holiday program reminder.
4. New Year suggestions.
5. 1934 Meeting suggestions.
6. Appeal for Organized and Impressive Officers Installation Ceremonies, June, 1934.

We feel that the general form of these bulletins has been approved by the recipients, yet the value of Lodge circularization is exceptionally hard to determine. Many Exalted Rulers act forthwith upon receipt of suggestions, some delay, some fail to act. We believe that all will agree that every Lodge in the Order that conducted a well-organized, impressive installation of officers this past month is today a better Lodge by reason of the effort. Yet mark this statement:

With each of the fourteen hundred-odd Committee bulletins sent out concerning installation was enclosed a postpaid mailing card, asking for a definite statement—

- a. That an installing officer had been selected.
- b. That a program had been arranged.

*Less than 400 replies were received.*

We emphasize this statement as it reveals our most glaring weakness in Lodge administration. If the selected executives will not give of their time, energy and talent, the Lodge itself will rest supine, gradually disintegrate and pass out of existence.

Striking results were accomplished in the State of Idaho, through the effort of District Deputy A. I. Myers of Idaho South, R. W. Jones, Pocatello, Idaho, a member of the State Association Committee, and other interested Elks in the use of degree teams and music as a part of the installation ceremonies. As one letter read:

"Burley (Idaho) made quite a night of it with some 350 present, including Elks and their ladies."

The added prestige to Elkdom could hardly be calculated if every Lodge in the Order had held an equally successful installation.

Lodge Activity can be variously defined—it means pep, enthusiasm, hard work, intensive organization, a constant turnover of effort that brings the members within the Lodge quarters. Mendota, Illinois, Lodge, No. 1212, during the year just closed, furnishes an astounding example of the results of Lodge Activity, of membership responsiveness to leadership:

Lost during the year—	
Death	7
Dimit	7
Suspension	6
Total	20
Gained during the year—	
Initiation	88
Reinstatement	117
By Dimit	14
Total	219
Members in good standing, Mar. 31, 1933—	185
Members in good standing, Mar. 31, 1934—	379

In a concise, complete printed annual report distributed to the membership (and we recommend such reports for every Lodge) Exalted Ruler O. J. Ellingen tells the story:

"The building is now painted from stem to stern, thanks to the Elks' Ladies, to the tune of \$190.00 which made it possible. All current bills are paid, old bills inherited April 1, 1933, are paid. Money for the Per Capita Tax is set aside for that purpose and will be paid before May 1st. Our credit is good."

Oh, for more Ellingens! May his like multiply and fill the executive chairs of Elkdom.

Your Committee recognizes that appealing programs in one section may not produce results in another; further that a clearing house should be available for the dissemination of information covering in comprehensive detail every form of Lodge activity and entertainment. The suggestion has been made that such a library of information should be maintained in the Memorial Headquarters Building at Chicago.

There might be kept in book or pamphlet form, immediately ready for dispatch to the inquiring Lodge, illustrative and informative data, concerning every possible Lodge ac-

### Suggested State Association Meeting Dates for 1935

(From the Annual Report of the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge)

IN ORDER TO AVOID OVERLAPPING DATES AND UNNECESSARY TRAVEL, AND TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR THE GRAND EXALTED RULER TO ATTEND A LARGER NUMBER OF STATE ASSOCIATION MEETINGS, THE FOLLOWING INITIAL ANNUAL MEETING DATES FOR 1935 ARE RECOMMENDED BY THE STATE ASSOCIATIONS COMMITTEE:

STATE	MEETING DATE
Arizona	Monday, April 22
New Mexico	Tuesday, April 23
Texas	Thursday, April 25
Louisiana	Friday, April 26
Mississippi	Saturday, April 27
Alabama	Sunday, April 28
Florida	Monday, April 29
Georgia	Tuesday, April 30
South Carolina	Wednesday, May 1
North Carolina	Thursday, May 2
Kansas	Sunday, June 2
Nebraska	Monday, June 3
South Dakota	Tuesday, June 4
North Dakota	Wednesday, June 5
Minnesota	Thursday, June 6
Iowa	Friday, June 7
Illinois	Saturday, June 8
Missouri	Sunday, June 9
Arkansas	Monday, June 10
Tennessee	Tuesday, June 11
Kentucky	Wednesday, June 12
Indiana	Thursday, June 13
Michigan	Friday, June 14
New York	Sunday, June 16
Vermont	Monday, June 17
New Hampshire	Tuesday, June 18
Maine	Wednesday, June 19
Massachusetts	Thursday, June 20
Rhode Island	Friday, June 21
New Jersey	Saturday, June 22
Connecticut	Sunday, June 23
West Virginia	Monday, August 26
Virginia	Tuesday, August 27
Maryland	Wednesday, August 28
Pennsylvania	Thursday, August 29
Ohio	Friday, August 30
Wisconsin	Saturday, August 31
Oklahoma	Tuesday, September 3
Colorado	Thursday, September 5
Wyoming	Friday, September 6
Montana	Saturday, September 7
Idaho	Monday, September 9
Washington	Wednesday, September 11
Oregon	Thursday, September 12
California	Saturday, September 14
Nevada	Monday, September 16
Utah	Tuesday, September 17

tivity. Such a source should fill a real need.

The collection of this information and its preparation in proper form would involve no small expense and the administration of such a library would involve cost. Your Committee is of the unanimous opinion that this subject should be referred to some incoming Grand Lodge agency for study and further recommendation.

Considerable correspondence has been had with Lodge officers concerning preparation of budgets. Rigid compliance with the Statute adopted in 1932 is bound to reflect a sounder financial position on the part of each Lodge.

Demand has appeared from time to time for a short, compact and interesting "History of Our Order" which could be presented to our members at time of initiation. This subject was referred to us last year and for months past, Brother George E. Strong of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, a member of this Committee, has made an intensive and exhaustive study of the founding and development of the Order. He has patiently and enthusiastically given of his time and talent in the preparation of a history that will be completed in the near future. We suggest that this Grand Lodge either refer the question of the publishing and distribution of such a history to some agency of the Grand Lodge or authorize the publication thereof at this session.

Intensive study for two years past of the problems that confront our Fraternity, coupled with information gathered during the years by Grand Lodge Committees, warrants the conclusion that success or failure, fraternal prosperity or Lodge bankruptcy, rests squarely on the shoulders of duly selected lodge executives.

The flower of our Fraternity is gathered here, the chosen leaders. Will you not, as a result of your pilgrimage to Kansas City, return to your home Lodges fired with the determination that your year will be outstanding in its history. The problem is yours. Numerical increases in membership on the part of 324 Lodges this past year proves that progress can be made in the face of unprecedented adversity.

## News of the State Associations

### Michigan

An active and prosperous year was reported at the Annual Convention held by the Michigan State Elks Association at Benton Harbor and St. Joseph, the "Twin Cities" of Michigan. It has been a year in which occurred an upturn in membership, a continuance of social service and welfare work, and the successful operation of a revolving scholarship plan.

The Convention was attended by some 1,000 Elks and their ladies, and was described as the most important and beneficial Elk assembly held in Michigan in years. Among the distinguished guests were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, of Moline, Ill., Lodge, and Past Grand Trustee John K. Burch of Grand Rapids, Mich. Judge Thompson was the principal speaker at the Annual Convention Banquet.

Reports showed that some thirty students from Michigan are being assisted by the Michigan Elks Revolving Scholarship Fund. Under this plan students are permitted to negotiate loans with which to finance their college, normal school, university or finishing courses. The State Elks are proud of their plan, and consider it second in importance only to the social and community welfare program, in the course of which they spent \$35,000 during the past year.

Of particular interest to the assembled Elks was the Ritualistic Contest, which was won by Kalamazoo Lodge. St. Joseph

Lodge placed first in the Degree Team contest, with Kalamazoo Lodge taking second.

Clair S. Beebe of Kalamazoo Lodge was selected in the Exalted Ruler's Contest as the best Exalted Ruler in Michigan, scoring the highest in ritualistic work. This is a new feature of the State Association Convention. A handsome loving cup was awarded as a prize.

The Twin City Lodges—Benton Harbor and St. Joseph—arranged a most interesting program for the Elks and their ladies. The golf tournament and trapshoot were major attractions. The ladies were entertained at theatre and bridge parties and dinners, and taken on sightseeing tours.

It was decided that mid-winter meetings, numerous other meetings in the four districts, and the Annual Convention be held during the current year. The district meetings will be under the summons of the respective Vice-Presidents. Detroit was selected as next year's Convention City.

Officers elected to serve the Association for the year 1934-35 are: President, Thomas J. Brady, Pontiac Lodge; Vice-Presidents John S. Wilson, Jr., Lansing Lodge; Earl Leininger, Ishpeming Lodge; L. H. Fish, Benton Harbor Lodge; Frank G. Mitzel, Detroit Lodge; Secretary, Arthur E. Green, Kalamazoo Lodge; Treasurer, James G. Shirlaw, Battle Creek Lodge; Trustees: L. M. Richard, Lansing Lodge; H. C. Oldfield, Port Huron Lodge; Paul J. Ruppe,

Hancock Lodge, and John Olsen, Muskegon Lodge. William M. Bryar of Dowagiac Lodge, was elected Chairman of the Scholarship Fund, the Directors being Deland A. Davis, Battle Creek Lodge, and John F. Forward, Jackson Lodge.

Arthur E. Green, State Secy.

### Georgia

With about 100 delegates and visitors from the various Lodges of the State, the Georgia State Elks Association recently held its Annual Convention in Brunswick, with Brunswick Lodge, No. 691, acting as host.

The Convention opened at the Oglethorpe Hotel. Pres. F. F. Preston, of Douglas Lodge, No. 1286, presided and Secy.-Treas. R. E. Lee Reynolds, of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, acted as Secretary. Various matters of interest to the Assn. were handled and several talks were made by attending members. At noon the visitors were taken to Sea Island Beach where Brunswick Lodge entertained them with a fish-fry and shore dinner in the beautiful pavilion there.

The Ritualistic Contest was held in the Home of Brunswick Lodge, with Albany Lodge, No. 713, winning the G. Philip Maggioni Cup, emblematic of the State Championship. This was the second consecutive victory for Albany Lodge. The cup was presented to Father Thomas A. Brennan, Captain of the Albany Team, by Aaron (Continued on page 34)

# CAST AND BROADCAST



Above is Phil Duey, the songster, who is being heard these Tuesday evenings over NBC's WEAF at 8. Mr. Duey is also familiar to radio listeners as the baritone in that ubiquitous (and excellent) quartet, the Men About Town. Duey sings in a pleasant voice without vocal theatrics



The radio public was tickled pink over the return to the air of Mary Eastman after a long illness. The present broadcasting hours of this CBS soprano are Wednesday evenings at 10:30 and Saturday evenings at 7, over WABC. Miss Eastman—incredibly—turns out to be as beautiful as she sounds

By  
Phillips Coles



Most of the times when you hear over the radio a baby crying or laughing or perpetrating any of those vocal assaults in which babies appear to delight, you are hearing Sally Belle Cox—the lady peering around a corner at you. She learned how it's done working in a Cleveland orphanage

During Jimmy Walker's years of plenty, New York's swankiest and most expensive night club was the Central Park Casino. There NBC's Eddie Duchin (below) played the piano for his band. And there the debutantes elevated him to his present rank as one of their by-words. His handling of a piano is miraculous

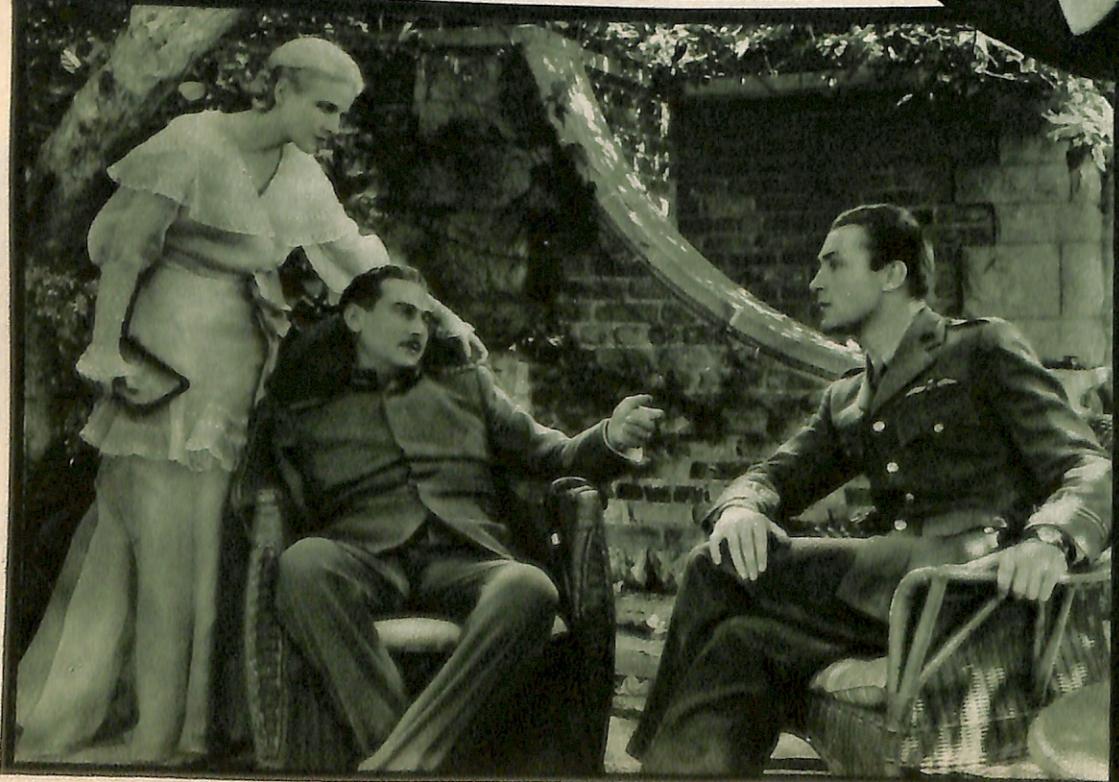
Below, acting excruciatingly funny, are Gordon, Dave and Bunny, who once were known as the Funnyboners. Now, for some unaccountable reason, they have transformed themselves into the Ox-ol Trio. They sing well and make wise remarks over CBS-WABC early every Monday and Wednesday evening





In "Chained" Joan Crawford starts off by choosing the wrong man. After meeting Clark Gable she has to muddle her way through numerous complications to achieve a happy ending. The two are pictured above in one of their more relaxed moments

Edith Wharton's famous novel, "The Age of Innocence," laid in the glamorous period of the "elegant eighties," comes to the screen with Irene Dunne and John Boles (circle) heading a long cast which includes Laura Hope Crews, Helen Westley and Lionel Atwill



The poignant and powerful drama that gripped the readers of Charles Morgan's best-selling novel, "The Fountain," has been translated to the screen under the same title. Its scene is laid in a picturesque corner of neutral Holland during the war. The group at the left embodies its eternal triangle as interpreted by Ann Harding, Paul Lukas and Brian Aherne

## ON THE SCREEN

REVIEWS BY  
ESTHER R. BIEN



Bowing to public opinion, Hollywood seems inclined to reform the racketeer heroes. Robert Montgomery undergoes this process in the course of the new film, "Hide Out." And here he is (above) peacefully riding the hay with pretty Maureen O'Sullivan



"British Agent" depicts the thrilling battle of wits fought on Russian soil by secret agents of the various warring nations during the early days of the revolution. Leslie Howard and Kay Francis (circle) are the central figures in this gripping and dramatic series of adventures



Alice Hegan Rice's famous story, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is being made into a picture. Its hilarious comedy, genuine pathos and appealing love story will be interpreted by an outstanding cast. In addition to the four pictured at the right—Pauline Lord, ZaSu Pitts, Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor—there will be the always reliable fun-maker, W. C. Fields, and Donald Meek

# Sport's Most Treasured Cup

by Glenn Perry

*The Columbia and Shamrock I in one of their thrilling races in 1899. The American sloop won three straight races for the retention of the cup*

*Morris Rosenfeld*

**V**IEWED from any angle, \$200,000 is a lot of money. It is, for example, the interest on \$4,000,000 for a year at five per cent. Worked into English pounds, it is still a lot of money. And when T. O. M. Sopwith totals up his accounts at the end of the year, he will find debited under the head "Yachting" at least that amount. He can hardly hope to have his expenses as a challenger for the America's Cup, by all odds the outstanding prize of sport, come to any less.

On the credit side he may be able to read: "The America's Cup, value perhaps \$200." But if he finds it there, I doubt whether he will consider the ratio between the value of the cup and the cost of the challenge out of line. He will think it money well spent. As a matter of fact, it is a very small fraction of the money that has been poured into and around that not particularly handsome trophy in the past, for that figure is pretty close to \$20,000,000.

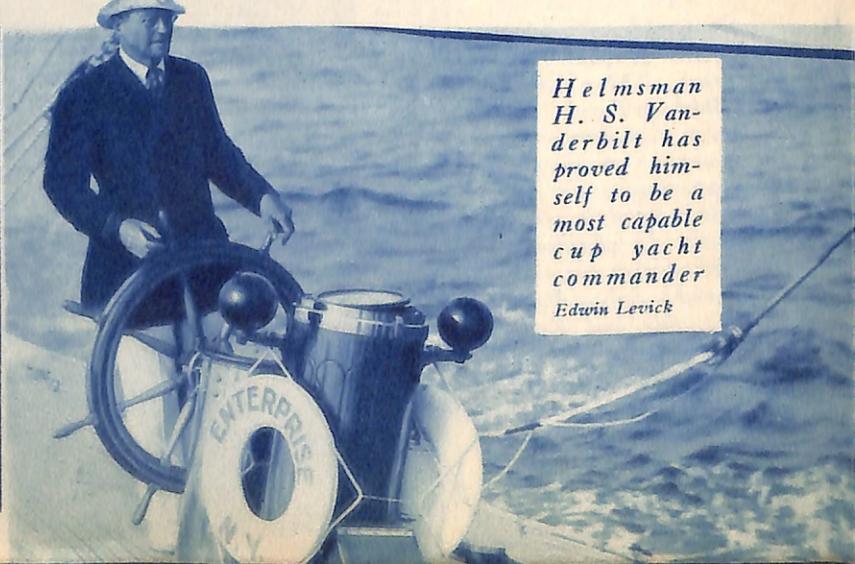
The reason behind this tremendous outpouring of money, with a proportionate amount of planning, hard work and effort, is easily discerned. Tradition, national and international prestige, the great

Copyright, 1934, by Glenn Perry.

*Underwood and Underwood  
The 1934 challenger—  
T. O. M. Sopwith's  
magnificent sloop  
Endeavour. Recently she  
arrived from England*

*Right: The world-famous America's Cup  
which will be contested for during this month*

*Morris Rosenfeld*



*Helmsman  
H. S. Van-  
derbilt has  
proved him-  
self to be a  
most capable  
cup yacht  
commander*  
Edwin Levick

# measured Trophy

ty



*The first of the great line of  
United States defenders—the  
America, which won in 1851*

*Morris Rosenfeld*

men and yachts that have fought for this prize over three-quarters of a century—all have invested the America's Cup with an importance that far transcends the winning of a series of yacht races.

For the roots of America, as of Great Britain, run down into the sea, and this battle for the America's Cup has come to be representative of that love of salt air that is part of the mutual heritage of both nations. The American defender is more than a mere sailing yacht. She is a symbolic expression of the pride a nation takes in its great maritime tradition. And so with the challenger, from the English point of view.

This response is marked in a public that knows practically nothing of yachting. When the cup races get under way, the entire nation takes fire and follows the contest with an ardent and wholly absorbing interest unequalled in anything save a presidential election or a war involving the country. The series becomes a vitally important matter in towns a thousand miles from any sort of sailing water.

However, the public is admitted, really, to only the third act of the cup drama, the actual races. Before that climax is reached a whole lot of things have happened, and it seems to me that in far too many cases the fate of



*The last of the famous  
group of Irish sloops—  
Shamrock V—which,  
over a span of 30 years,  
gave unavailing battle*

*Edwin Levick*

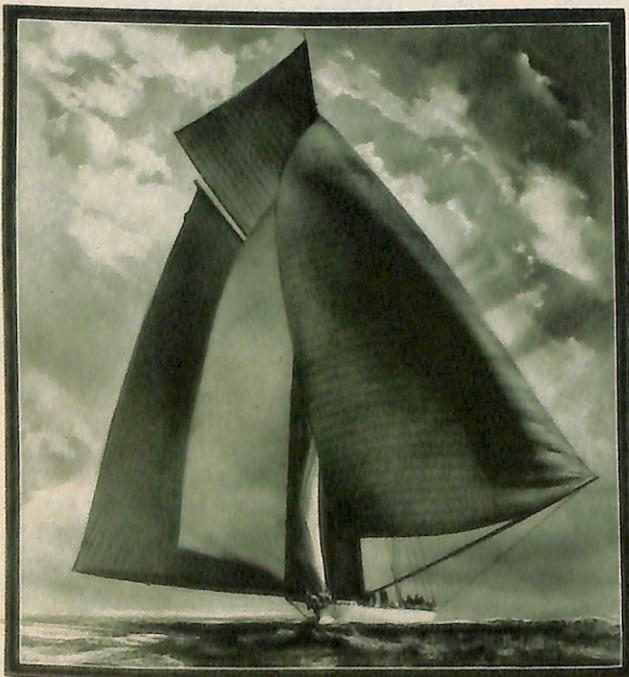
*The late Sir Thomas  
Lipton, indomitable Irish  
sportsman and gentle-  
man, aboard his 1920  
sloop—the Shamrock IV*

*Edwin Levick*



*The sloop Yankee which, as we go to press, is fighting it out with the Rainbow for the honor of defending the cup this year*

*Morris Rosenfeld*



*The Reliance, built by the Vanderbilt Syndicate, which in 1903 won three races from Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock III*

*Edwin Levick*

the cup series has been decided before the races themselves even start, and always in favor of the United States.

The fight for the America's Cup begins at the moment that the idea of challenging is first considered, long before it is actually made. It ends, of course, with the finish of the final race of the series, which now goes to the yacht taking four races. Between these two points lie constant efforts by many men, almost limitless expense, unceasing experimentation, with this country getting the best of it. And there is no real reason why she should.

How, then, can England offset the primary adverse factors? What, in the light of eighty-three years of cup racing—of constantly unsuccessful effort on the part of Great Britain, Ireland, Scotland and Canada to take the cup from this country—and the equally successful effort of the New York Yacht Club to keep it here, can a challenger do to win the famous trophy?

This country has actually but one outstanding advantage over Great Britain where the America's Cup is concerned: our approach to the defense has been correct. That of the challenger to the attack has not. This is the whole secret, for British designers are just as good as ours, their builders are as able, their sail-makers as skilled and their racing men as keen and as knowing.

Fundamentally one might say that this was a matter of the basic approach to sport, the feeling that the American is out to win, and the Englishman out for the fun of it. I do not believe it. When the Englishman tries for the America's Cup, it is his intention to win it if he can do so fairly and squarely. There would be little point in making the effort if this were not the case. No, that thought can be dismissed at once.

As I see it, the answer is that the English—and other challengers—have not realized that the correct approach to a cup series lies in three things: thoroughness, experimentation, and discipline, and that of the three the first-named is the most important by far, as it actually embraces the other two. The defending side has realized this fully. The challenger has apparently never learned it.

I should say that Harold S. Vanderbilt's book "Enterprise," named after the successful defender (*Continued on page 44*)

*The Rainbow—newest of the cup defenders—probably will go into action against T. O. M. Sopwith's Endeavour off Newport later on this month*

*Morris Rosenfeld*



# The Patriotic and Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention

WITH all of its traditional pomp and ceremony, the Seventieth Session of the Grand Lodge convened in hospitable Kansas City on Monday, July 16, 1934. Prior to the official opening session, however, a round of memorable social events occupied the time of the Grand Lodge officials and delegates most pleasantly on the preceding Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

With the entire City bedecked with colorful purple-and-white streamers, with American flags and welcome signs everywhere, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier and his official family arrived on Friday. They were met at the station not only by Kansas City Lodge's official Reception Committee, but also by a large and enthusiastic group of Elks from local and nearby points. From that time on, a constant stream of Grand Lodge officers, Committeemen, District Deputies, representatives, delegates, alternates and members poured into the City. Open house prevailed every night at the newly decorated Home of Kansas City Lodge, No. 26, and not a moment was wasted in seeing to it that everybody registered, found his housing accommodations and enjoyed a royal and constant good time throughout the eventful week.

It was Kansas City Lodge's Golden Jubilee—its Fiftieth

Anniversary, and also the first opportunity the town had had to welcome the Grand Lodge—so the occasion was a triply significant one. No effort was spared by the local Elks to make the affair the memorable one it proved to be from every viewpoint. Daily baseball games, swimming parties, sightseeing tours, band concerts, carnivals and fireworks displays were offered, and a round of lectures, card parties and teas were provided for the ladies.

## Events of Sunday

AN interesting event on Sunday morning was the breakfast that was tendered to Postmaster-General James A. Farley at the Muehlebach Hotel by W. T. Kemper, Democratic National Committeeman from Missouri. An atmosphere of informality prevailed and what little speech-making there was was extemporaneous in character.

Another significant Sunday event was the arrival of the six Good Will Tour Cars of *THE ELKS MAGAZINE*. The drivers completed their nation-wide pre-Convention trek early that afternoon in Leavenworth, Kansas, from which point they descended on Kansas City in a group, accompanied by a motorcycle police escort and by delegations from Atchison, Law-



Left: The end of the trail. The six cars of the Good Will Fleet lined up in Kansas City after their 38,000-mile tour. A royal welcome was given them at Kansas City Lodge

Right: The colorful "Night in Vienna" party at the Convention Hall. This brilliant musical extravaganza was staged Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce. Complimentary boxes were reserved for all visiting Elks and their ladies



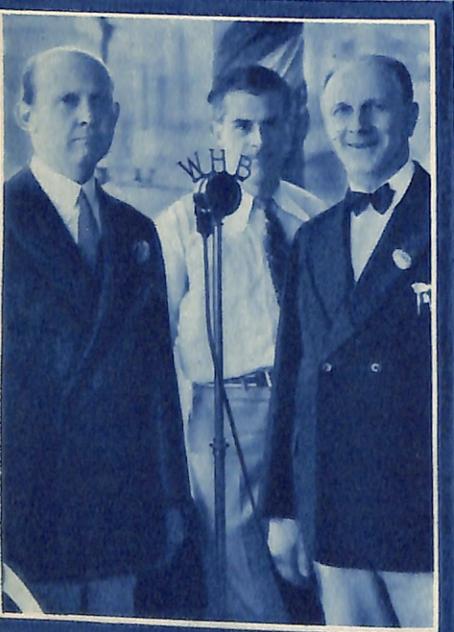
Left: The impressive opening ceremonies of the Grand Lodge Convention, on Monday evening in the air-cooled Orpheum Theatre, to which the public was admitted. A program of speeches and music was given. Grand Exalted Ruler Meier's splendid address was broadcasted



Above: Despite the heat the Grand Parade on Thursday was a brilliant affair. Over thirty bands and uniformed marching units were in line, well as many state and territorial delegations

Left: The Grand Parade was broadcasted from the Kansas City Elks Club through the facilities of Station WHB. The new and retiring Grand Exalted Rulers—Messrs. Shannon and Meier—made brief remarks

The Annual Ball for Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Meier took place on Wednesday night. As usual it was a gala affair. The Convention Hall was beautifully and appropriately decorated for this occasion



rence and Leavenworth Lodges. They arrived on the dot of 5:00 P.M. to be greeted at the Kansas City Elks Home with an elaborate reception.

Sunday also witnessed an informal dinner to Grand Exalted Ruler Meier at the Muehlebach given by the combined Kansas City Convention Committees. More than 200 attended this enjoyable affair. This, too, was an informal gathering. Coats were removed and everybody had a thoroughly good time. With General Convention Chairman W. H. H. Piatt presiding, the following were called upon for brief remarks:

Grand Exalted Ruler Meier.

Postmaster-General Farley.

Conrad, H. Mann, Pres., Kansas City Chamber of Commerce.

Governor David Shultz of Florida.

Joseph T. Fanning, Dean of the Past Grand Exalted Rulers.

Joseph B. Shannon, Kansas City Representative in Congress.

The Convention headquarters hotel—the Muehlebach—was an extremely busy place all through the week, not only because of the constant stream of arriving delegations, but also because of the almost continuous Grand Lodge Committee meetings. Long into the night the Grand Lodge Committeemen continued their important deliberations in behalf of the Order. And long into the night the hotel's three air-cooled restaurants did a land-office business in catering to the physical needs of the hot and tired officials and their ladies.

Monday, July 16, witnessed the inauguration of the annual golf, trapshooting and bowling tournaments (reported elsewhere in this issue) as well as an interurban trip to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and the Federal Penitentiary there. The annual meeting of the Missouri State Elks Association (reported elsewhere in this issue) also opened on Monday, and the National Ritualistic Contest (reported in last month's number) was held.

T. J. Strickler, Chairman of the Distinguished Guests Committee, gave a testimonial luncheon at the Kansas City Club in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Some fifty Grand Lodge officials and Kansas City dignitaries attended. At the same time Mrs. Strickler entertained the ladies of the Grand Lodge at a most enjoyable luncheon at the Muehlebach.

#### *The Opening Public Session of the Grand Lodge*

WITH W. H. H. Piatt, General Chairman of the Convention Committee, in the chair, the official public session was opened at 7:45 P. M. in the Orpheum Theatre. The invocation was given by the Rev.

Claude W. Sprouse of Grace and Holy Trinity Episcopal Church. This was followed by the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by Mrs. Grace Nelson McTiernan.

Chairman Piatt then welcomed the Grand Lodge and introduced the Hon. Guy B. Park, Governor of Missouri, who welcomed the Convention on behalf of the State. Missouri, Gov. Park pointed out, is the geographical center of the United States, with two States between it and the Canadian border on the North; two between it and the Gulf of Mexico on the South, and with five States to its East and five to its West. It is a typically American State, he said—representative of Eastern thrift, Southern chivalry and Western and Middle Western sturdiness.

At the conclusion of Gov. Park's well received address Gov. Alfred M. Landon of Kansas was introduced. He recalled the fact that he had been initiated into the Order 24 years ago, and said that he was well pleased to see a number of the men who were then members of his Lodge (Independence, Kans., No. 780) present on this occasion. The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, the Governor went on to say, is ideally qualified to carry forward the great work of restoring confidence in this nation and its institutions, which is so badly needed today. This problem is one of the great "imponderables" which face us and which require prompt and effective solution.

The Hon. Bryce B. Smith, Mayor of Kansas City, was the next speaker. He said that he greatly appreciated the honor of welcoming the Grand Lodge to his City and pointed to the splendid charitable activities that the Order of Elks had undertaken over the last three-quarters of a century. Kansas City Lodge, he said, was a leader in this respect and has always proved a sound and constructive force in the civic, social and charitable life of Kansas City.

Dwight Roberts, E.R. of Kansas City Lodge, was next introduced. He explained how hard and faithfully every member of his Lodge had labored for the past twelve months in order to have everything in readiness for the Grand Lodge Reunion. He said that he and his cohorts held themselves responsible for every service—great or small—that they might render for the delegates, but that, unfortunately, the weather was beyond their control. Under the capable Chairmanship of Edgar P. Madorie, Mr. Roberts pointed out, Kansas City Lodge had increased its membership 90% this year—largely because of the Grand Lodge's coming to town this summer.

Inasmuch as Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier's address was to be broadcast at 9:00 P.M., and since the foregoing proceedings ran short by a few minutes of that

hour, an interlude in the speaking program was afforded by the introduction of a mixed quartette and soloists under the direction of A. B. Sinclair. Several beautiful numbers were rendered, including "My Hero", "Tis Morning", "Wagon Wheels" and the "Italian Street Song".

The public session was then brought to a close with a stirring and enthusiastically received address by the Grand Exalted Ruler, extracts from which follow:

"It is well known to members of our Order, and doubtless, to many others, that we have linked the destiny of our Order with the destiny of our country. The full significance of that statement may not occur to the casual thinker. He may think only of the patriotic features that characterize our ceremonies. But to the student, it is full of meaning. Take a look at the structure of our Grand Lodge organization. Like the government provided for in the Federal Constitution, there is the division into three separate and distinct departments—the executive, the legislative, and the judicial.

"In the definition of the powers of one of these departments in our Order, it is expressly stated that they shall be the same as those defined by the Supreme Court of the United States in reference to the corresponding department of our national government. In both you will find a representative form of government and each furnishes an example of the ultimate possession of the powers of government by the individuals who compose the society, in the one case, and the nation, in the other.

"Amendments to the constitution of our Fraternity are proposed by our national legislative body, and then submitted to the subordinate Lodges for ratification, just as amendments to the Federal Constitution are proposed by Congress, and then submitted to the several States for their ratification. Finally, we have made the flag of our country emblematic of the cardinal principle of our Order—Charity.

"Significant as are these similarities, of still greater import is the identity of ideals upon which both the Order and the Nation are founded—Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity. We mention Charity first because it is the foundation of every virtue that

can be found in the human breast. We do not mean a charity of alms—the condescension of the high and the favored to give to the low and despised, but rather a sharing among equals who, for the time being, through force of circumstances have become unequal in opportunity or ability.

"During the year I have seen an almost endless variety of the ways in which our organization is exemplifying this virtue. Down in Florida, it is the Harry-Anna Home for crippled children; in New Jersey, it is the Bacharach Home for crippled children; in New England, it is the promotion of education through scholarships; in New York, it is both the scholarships and crippled children's work; in Arizona, it is the tubercular hospital; in California, it is the Antlers movement that is now rapidly spreading into almost every other State of the Union; here, it is shoes for children whose feet would otherwise be bared to the snow; and there, it is milk for the underprivileged child. I cannot even begin to give a complete list of these activities: they occupy page upon page in our records.

"But let me speak of two striking examples that came to my notice when I visited our two Lodges in the Panama Canal Zone district. I arrived in Cristobal in the evening. As we sat at the dinner table, one of the Brothers said to me, 'Would you like to see our soup kitchen tomorrow?' I said, 'Soup kitchen, what's that?' 'Why, that's where we feed the poor,' he replied. Sure, I wanted to see it.

"So the next day at noon I was taken down to the Little Catholic Orphanage, conducted by the Sisters of Charity, with their great white coronets. Here, under the arcade, there was a long table with dishes of food upon it. Here, also, was a long line of people—not members of the Order, not even people of the white race, but colored people, Panamanians, Portuguese, and whatnots, each being given some succotash, some yucca—a native root dug out in the jungles, and which when cooked is substituted for potatoes—some bread and butter and a cup of coffee. The little Lodge at Cristobal was paying the entire cost of furnishing these supplies, and the Sisters of Charity, with their help, in the Orphanage were preparing and serving the food. This was at the east end of the Canal.

"Over at the west end I found an equally interesting example of the wonderful work that is being done by Elks Lodges. In company with the Secretary of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, I called on the United States Minister to Panama. As we sat in his office and talked for a while, he said to me, 'I want to tell you something about the Elks Lodge down here.' I said, 'That's fine, what is it?' 'Well, some time ago an American citizen was found over in the interior of Panama. He had been sick for a number of days, with no food or medical attention. I had no government funds with which to bring him out, so I called up the Secretary of the Elks Lodge and asked if the Elks could do anything about it. He said, 'Sure, we'll bring him out.' So they brought him out and put him in the hospital here and stand ready to send him back to his home in the States when he is able to travel.'

"Then the Minister said something that pleased me greatly. He said, 'I don't know what the qualifications are to join the Elks, but in view of the kind of work they are doing down here, if I am eligible, it seems to me I ought to belong to them.' His words did not go unheeded, for I understand that he is now a brother Elk.

"So also, with the Justice of our Order. It furnishes a rule of conduct for us as citizens. While we are told that Justice is exacting, yet, due allowance must be made for the frailties of human nature. No one is perfect. It is not every offense that merits the extreme penalty of the law. Justice should be tempered with

(Continued on page 51)



Right: Charles B. Honikel of Albany, N. Y., who was awarded an Honorable Mention Scholarship of \$300 by the Elks National Foundation. Endorsed by Albany Lodge, he was characterized by Vice-Chairman Raymond Benjamin as a most versatile student, excelling in debating, athletics and music.



Above: Another \$300 Honorable Mention Scholarship winner was Mary Louise Bruchman of Prescott, Ariz. In making this award Vice-Chairman Benjamin said: "Her high character and exceptional talent, her culture and enviable creativeness have been demonstrated in many ways and upon many occasions."



Left: The third student to win a Foundation Honorable Mention Award was John M. Leonard of Bradford, Pa. Of this fine young man the report states: "Undaunted by misfortune and financial handicaps, he has put himself through four years of college, exhibiting remarkable resourcefulness in all his efforts."

Cohen of Athens Lodge. All the visitors were entertained that evening at a Grand Ball held at the County Casino on St. Simons Island.

Reports of the condition of the various Lodges were made the next morning by the Exalted Rulers present. Election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows:

President, H. B. Roberts, Albany Lodge; Secy.-Treas., R. E. Lee Reynolds, Atlanta Lodge; Vice-Presidents: 1st District, J. Bush, Athens Lodge; 2nd Dist., Jack Walton, Columbus Lodge; 3rd Dist., C. B. McCullar, Milledgeville Lodge; 4th Dist., Thomas C. Lane, Americus Lodge; 5th Dist., Walter Lee, Waycross Lodge, and 6th Dist., George W. Crawford, Fitzgerald Lodge.

The Convention voted to meet next year at Columbus.

J. E. Lambright, Secy.,  
Brunswick Lodge

### Iowa

The Annual Convention of the Iowa State Elks Association was held recently at Oelwein, Ia., with Oelwein Lodge, No. 741, acting as host. Approximately 500 persons registered, and the day of the parade, June 21, saw nearly 1,200 Elks assembled.

Among the distinguished guests present were Henry C. Warner, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, who was the principal speaker at the President's Banquet, and Past State Presidents H. B. Maynard, Henry Louis, J. Lindley Coon, Clay Kneese, Dr. Jesse Ward, Dr. Charles R. Logan, B. B. Hunter and Clyde E. Jones.

The most important business function of the meeting was the proposed re-districting of the State of Iowa, a project involving the same number of districts but with a different distribution of the Lodges. Of the Social Welfare activities, the Crippled Children Movement and the Scholarship Foundation were both furthered.

The social side of the Convention was highly enjoyable. The most popular events were a picnic held on June 19 and a dance given by Oelwein Lodge the same evening at the Hotel Maley; the President's Banquet on June 20 at the Coliseum followed by the Purple and White Ball, and the large and colorful parade which took place on the last day.

The Golf Tournament was won by Iowa City Lodge, and the Ritualistic Contest by Keokuk Lodge. Decorah Lodge won the Band Contest and also produced the best Drum Corps.

The new officers of the Association are as follows: President, Arthur M. Umlandt, Muscatine Lodge; Vice-Presidents, Albert Paul, Oelwein Lodge; S. A. Martin, Centerville Lodge; Otto Kellum, Boone Lodge; Secretary, Dr. Jesse Ward, Iowa City Lodge; Treasurer, E. A. Erb, Burlington Lodge; Chaplain, the Rev. Fr. Frien, Cedar Rapids Lodge, and Trustee, H. I. Hohanshelt, Red Oak Lodge.



*The officers of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, who made up The Ritualistic Team which won the contest at the Michigan State Elks Association Convention at Benton Harbor*

Muscatine was selected as the meeting place for the 1935 Convention, with Muscatine Lodge, No. 304, as host.

Dr. Charles R. Logan, Past Pres.,  
Keokuk Lodge

### Nebraska

The 1934 Convention of the Nebraska State Elks Association was held in Fairbury on June 5-6-7, with 550 delegates registering at the Home of the Fairbury Lodge, No. 1203. Among the distinguished guests in attendance were Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier and Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Judge James M. Fitzgerald.

The most important charitable activity of the Association is the assistance of crippled children. August Schneider, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the Assn., read a complete report covering the activities of the Committee from its beginning to Convention time.

On June 5 the golf tournament was held at the Fairbury Country Club, with James L. Martin of Scottsbluff winning first prize. The trapshooting contest was won by Ace Tyrell of York Lodge. On the evening of June 5, 250 members and their ladies attended a banquet with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain acting as Toastmaster. The Convention Ball took place the evening of June 6, while on the following night 275 Elks were present at a stag party. Other social activities of the Convention were teas, bridge parties, ladies golf and tennis tournaments and sightseeing tours. The State Ritualistic Contest was won by the officers of Omaha Lodge, No. 39.

Grand Exalted Ruler Meier was welcomed with a parade. The address of welcome was delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rain, and other addresses were made by Mr. Meier and the State officers. Delegations from 17 Nebraska Lodges were in attendance at the Convention.

Officers elected for the year 1934-35 are: President, Frank I. Holmes, Columbus; First Vice-President, Guy T. Tou Velle, Lincoln; Second Vice-President, Judge James M. Fitzgerald, Omaha; Third Vice-President, James L. Martin, Scottsbluff; Secretary, H. P. Zeig, Grand Island; Treasurer, Gould

Dietz, Omaha; Trustees: C. A. McCloud, York; William A. Gregorius, Columbus, and C. A. Laughlin, Grand Island.

August Schneider, of York Lodge, is again Chairman of the Nebraska State Elks Crippled Children's Committee. A beautiful Elk watch, chain and emblem were presented to retiring State President H. P. Zeig by officers of the Association.

J. A. Moslander,  
Convention Correspondent

### North Dakota

With nine of the ten Lodges in the State represented, the annual Convention of the North Dakota State Elks Association was held at Bismarck on June 14-15. Bismarck Lodge, No. 1199, entertained the delegates most generously, providing them with a buffet supper on the first evening and a luncheon on the second day. Delegates also attended the Flag Day exercises held jointly by Bismarck and Mandan Lodges. Members of the State Association were also conducted through the new State Capitol and through the State Penitentiary.

The splendid work done by the Lodges for crippled children was emphasized through the report of P.D.D. H. K. Jensen, Chairman of the Association's Crippled Children's Committee. Dr. Joel C. Swanson, of Fargo, who conducted a crippled children's clinic during the Convention, was thanked in resolutions for the assistance he has given. D.D. Raymond C. Dobson reported that half the Lodges of the State had shown a membership gain during the past year as contrasted with a general loss of membership the year before. Much good came of a round table discussion suggested by Vice-President Sam Stern, former member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee.

Officers for the ensuing year are: former Governor L. B. Hanna, Fargo Lodge, President; Sam Stern, Fargo Lodge, Vice-President; Alec Rawitcher, Williston Lodge, Treasurer; and George T. Richmond, Jamestown Lodge, Secretary—all re-elected. A. C. Pagenkopf, of Dickinson Lodge was elected Trustee.

Devils Lake was chosen as the host City for the 1935 Convention.

### Texas

The delegates to the Annual Convention of the Texas State Elks Association were formally welcomed at Houston on Friday, June 1. Past Pres. Harry A. Logsdon responded to the address of welcome. Past Pres. James H. Gibson directed the Lodge opening at the Friday morning business session. The Convention delegates, of whom several hundred had registered at the Home of Houston Lodge, No. 151, attended the dog races at Missouri City that night, and also were present at a dance later. They were accompanied by their ladies.

Saturday was devoted to business, with committee reports being made at the morning session. An outing and barbecue at Sylvan Beach Park took place, and the Grand Ball at the Home of Houston Lodge



*A group of prominent Kentucky Elks, headed by Col. James A. Diskin, State President, placing a wreath at the foot of the Henry Clay Monument, at Lexington, Ky., during the Annual State Association Convention held there*

*Lafayette Studio*

occurred Saturday night. A post-convention feature was a bowling tournament, San Antonio and Brenham Lodges being the winners.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, of New Orleans, La., Lodge, was present, having flown to Houston to speak to the delegates. Also present were many distinguished members of the Order well known throughout the Southwest, including M. Riley Wyatt, of San Antonio Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials.

Officers elected for the following year are: George W. Loudermilk, Dallas, President; Vice-Presidents: West, R. C. Mason, Breckenridge; Northeast, John D. Carter, Fort Worth; South, Fred E. Knetsch, Seguin; Southeast, W. B. Nolan, Houston; North, T. G. Nichols, Amarillo; Trustees: H. S. Rubenstein, Brenham; E. A. Bergfeld, Seguin, and Milton Michael, San Antonio. W. R. Dudley, of Dallas Lodge, was chosen Secretary and Myer J. Rachofsky, also of Dallas Lodge, Treasurer. Fort Worth was selected as the 1935 Convention City.

E. J. Ormsby, P.E.R., Mexia Lodge

### Indiana

The attendance at the thirty-third annual meeting of the Indiana State Elks Association, held at Anderson, was well over 1,500. The meeting opened with a public ceremony in the Chrystal Theatre on Tuesday evening, June 19, with Pres. Joseph L. Clarke presiding.

The first business session, held at the Home of Anderson Lodge, No. 209, consisted mainly of routine business and the election of officers. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Boston, Mass., Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, directed his address along charitable lines. Other guests at the meeting were Judge Frank B. Leonard, Pres., and Frank P. White, Executive Secy., of the Crippled Children's Clinic, of the Illinois State Elks Assn.; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., and Fred A. Wiecking, member of the Committee on Judiciary of the Grand Lodge.

The most important decision of the meeting was the consummation of plans for the establishing of an Indiana Scholarship Foundation. During the course of the Convention, the delegates were also addressed by Grand Secretary Masters and Mr. White.

The Degree Team of Frankfort, Ind., Lodge, No. 560, won the State Ritualistic Contest and the Joseph T. Fanning Cup, which was presented by State Secy. W. C. Groebel. The State Trapshooting Contest was won by Dr. H. L. Timm, of Whiting Lodge, who broke 48 out of a possible 50. The Golf Tournament was won by T. C. Houston, of Elwood Lodge, after tying with W. J. Hare, of Noblesville Lodge, with Houston winning the toss. Noblesville Lodge won the Band Contest with an all-Elk band of 60 pieces. A prize of \$125 was the award.

The Convention closed Thursday evening, June 21, with the Grand Parade. Social entertainment provided during the Convention consisted of dances each night, daily barbecues and entertainments at the Home of Anderson Lodge. The ladies were kept amused with theatre and card parties, teas and luncheons.

Officers elected for the year 1934-35 are: President, Clarence J. Joel, Crawfordsville; First Vice-Pres., O. Ray Miner, Warsaw; Second Vice-Pres., Julius Albe, Valparaiso; Third Vice-Pres., Milo B. Mitchell, Linton; Fourth Vice-Pres., Raymond F. Thomas, Terre Haute; Secy., W. C. Groebel, Shelbyville (re-elected); Treasurer, T. E. Jeanneret, Ligonier (re-elected), and Trustee, Will F. Smith, Alexandria. President Joel made the following appointments: Chaplain,

the Rev. W. E. Hoffenbacher, Logansport; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jerome D. Beeler, Evansville, and Tiler, C. D. Sizelove, Elwood.

Terre Haute Lodge, No. 86, was awarded the 1935 Convention.

W. C. Groebel, State Secretary

### New Jersey

Richard P. Hughes, of Burlington, was elected President of the New Jersey State Elks Association at the annual reunion held at Asbury Park. The other officers for 1934-35 are: District Presidents: South, Albert O'Hare, Mount Holly; Northwest, Harvey E. Harris, Bloomfield; Northeast, Nelson A. Pomfret, Paterson; Central, Herbert B. Gould, Westfield; Secretary, John A. Flood, Bayonne; Treasurer, Charles Rosencrans, Long Branch; Trustee, Fred A. Pope, Somerville. The President appointed Howard F. Lewis, Burlington, Sergeant-at-Arms; the Rev. Francis H. Smith, Trenton, Chaplain; Max Bernhardt, Bayonne, Organist, and J. Harry Todd, Camden, Inner Guard.

Chairman Joseph G. Buch, of the State Association's Crippled Children Committee, reported \$114,058.69 expended by New Jersey's subordinate Lodges for crippled children work during the past year, making a grand total of \$1,040,868 since 1927. In addition, the County Boards of Freeholders have appropriated \$90,140 for the State's crippled children fund, an increase of \$4,940 over last year. This increase was made following a public hearing with no protest against the increase being registered.

The Crippled Children Committee of Burlington Lodge, No. 996, in cooperation with the State Rehabilitation Commission, has established a watch and clock repairing class in the basement of the Burlington Junior High School, the class being in charge of a crippled boy vocationally trained through the Burlington Elks' Committee.

Congratulations were extended to Haverstraw Lodge, No. 877, and to Postmaster General James A. Farley, P.D.D., for the inauguration in Rockland County, N. Y., of a crippled children program along the lines of the New Jersey plan. Governor A. Harry Moore, Chairman of the Crippled Children Committee of Jersey City Lodge, No. 211, and member of the Crippled Children Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Assn., was given an ovation when he was introduced. He responded by relating some touching incidents connected with cases of little cripples that had come under his personal observation.

The first quarterly meeting of the State Association will be held in the Home of East Orange Lodge, No. 630, on Sunday, September 9. Twelve Past Presidents attended the Asbury Park reunion, and 54 Lodges were represented by 237 delegates. The Secretary reported the present membership of the State Association as 816.

Richard P. Hughes, State President

### Missouri

The Missouri State Elks Association held its Annual Convention simultaneously with the Grand Lodge Convention at Kansas City in July, reporting the largest attendance and the greatest interest of any similar meeting within the last decade.

The 750 Missouri Elks in Kansas City for the Convention elected D.D. E. J. Martt, of St. Louis Lodge, President. The other officers for 1934-35 are as follows: First Vice-Pres., L. L. Des Combes, Warrensburg Lodge; Second Vice-Pres., Dr. W. B. Owen, Maryville Lodge; Third Vice-Pres., Dwight Roberts, Kansas City Lodge; Treasurer, M. F. Thurston, Columbia Lodge and Secretary, C. Lew Gallant, St. Louis Lodge. Past Grand Esquire Bernard F. Dickmann, Mayor of St. Louis, was re-elected Trustee. New Trustees are J. H. Dickbrader, Washington Lodge, and Dr. Don H. Silsby, Springfield Lodge.

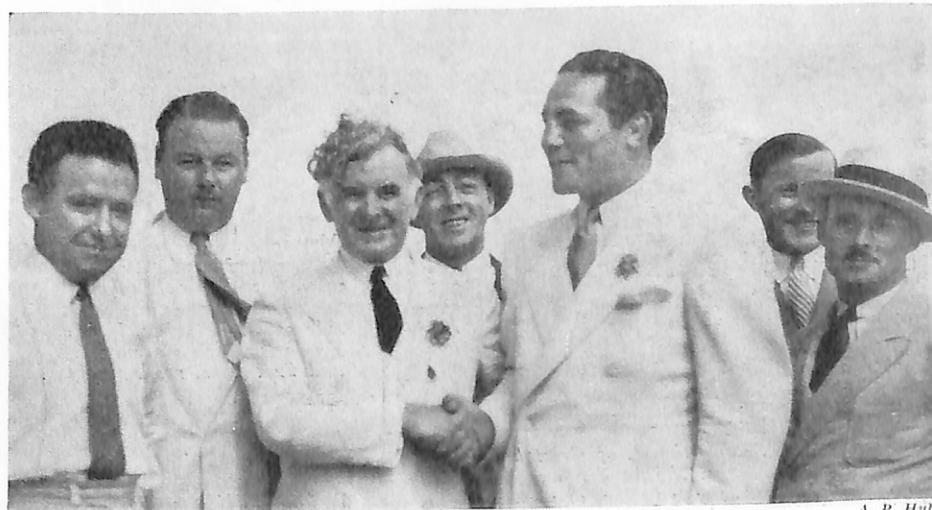
The State business session ended with the selection of Maryville, Mo., as the meeting place for the 1935 Convention.

### Wyoming

After trying for a number of years to organize the Elk Lodges of Wyoming into a State Elks Association, a number of the most prominent and enthusiastic Elks of the State have finally achieved their objective. On June 20, 1934, D.D. G. S. Pitchford called a meeting of delegates from all Lodges to meet in Casper, and there to initiate the movement for a State-wide organization.

The Casper meeting was held and the work accomplished. In a most enthusiastic session it was voted to form a State Association. G. S. Pitchford, of Rock Springs Lodge, was elected to serve as the first President, and Fred H. Koschel, of Greybull Lodge, was elected first Secretary-Treasurer. The Vice-Presidents are: First, James G. Wiederholt, Casper; Second, T. Joe Cahill, Cheyenne; Third, J. J. Cullen, Rawlins; Fourth, Albert Kahn, Sheridan, and Fifth, Fred Hultz, Laramie.

Fred H. Koschel, Secy.-Treas.



# Elkdom Outdoors

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart, Associate Field Sports Editors



Above—E. J. Shea, Jr., William B. Shea, William P. Hogan, Francis E. Morrissey and Dr. J. G. Armstrong, all of Bennington, Vt., Lodge No. 567, with a two-day catch of lake trout and salmon taken from Big and Little Averill Lakes at Averill, Vt. The party spent a week at Quimby's Cold Spring Club, where they enjoyed excellent fishing, keeping nothing under 15 inches long and landing several big lakers. Unfortunately only the heads of the fish taken in this exceptional catch show in the picture



Above—G. E. Townshend, of Cristobal, C. Z., with two groupers, the larger one weighing 65 pounds and the smaller one 50 pounds. The fish were taken near Pearl Island in the Pacific Ocean off the Panama Coast. Townshend claims that these waters are the finest fishing grounds in the world. Who can argue with him when he produces such incontrovertible proof as shown in the photograph?

Right—Dave Linder, of Long Beach, Calif., with a 22½-inch rainbow trout caught on a fly rod. Linder has won several fly and bait casting championships



Above—L. Curletti, of Pittsfield, Mass., Lodge, with two pike taken from Sacandaga Lake just outside of Gloversville, N. Y. These two fish measure 34 and 29 inches, respectively



Above—George H. Steil, of San Diego Lodge, with a mixed bag of California quail and teal ducks. These fine, fat birds were killed on Januel Ranch outside of San Diego, Calif.



Right—William Englert, of Kelso, Wash., Lodge, with six Chinook salmon from the North Fork of the Lewis River. The fish were all taken on rod and reel, with artificial bait alone



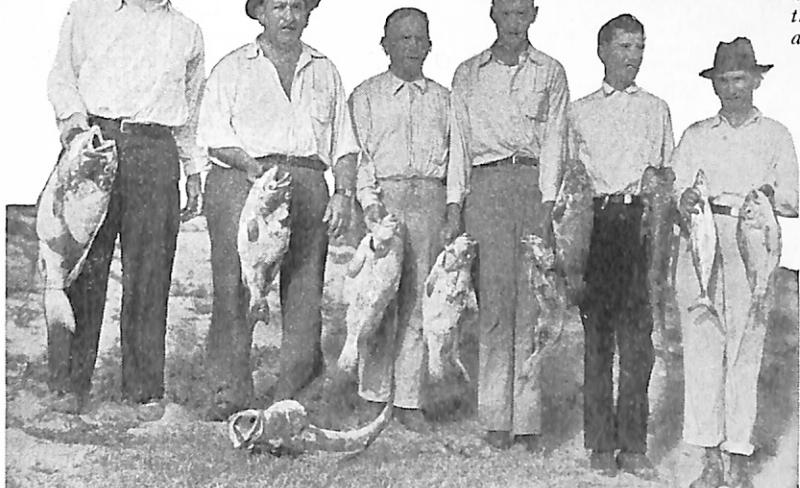
Right, upper—Iowa City Lodge No. 590 successfully defended the James C. Haldiman Trophy at the Elks National Trapshoot at Kansas City, being the first Lodge to win this trophy two successive years. The winning team was composed of—L. to R.: William Ruppert, Frank Smith and H. A. Mellenger. Frank Smith also won the National Handicap, shooting from 18 yards, and was tied for high in Class A

Right—William Hunter of Kansas City, winner of the National Elks Singles, Class A Championship



### The Elks National Bowling Tournament

Kansas City Lodge No. 26 won all the honors in the Bowling Tournament at the Kansas City Convention. H. Shannon and J. Shannon were the leading scorers

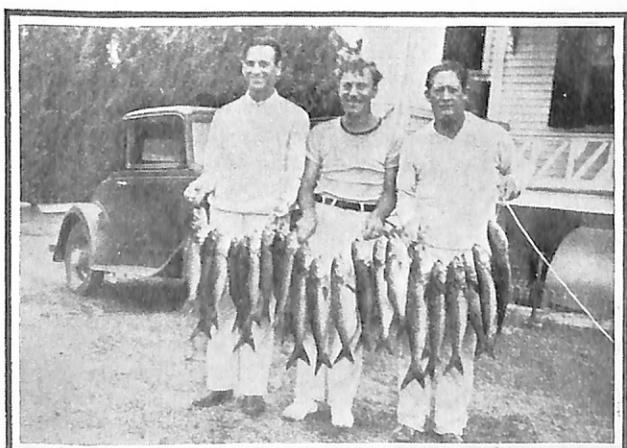


Above, L. to R.—M. Z. Poag, W. B. Hart, Associate Editor of ELKDOM OUTDOORS, A. A. Abbott, Louis Voss, Claude Johnson and J. R. Jinks with a fine mixed catch. The fish were taken off Carrabelle, Florida

Below—A. S. Lott of Freehold, N. J., was the winner in Class C at the Elks National Trapshoot at Kansas City, breaking 91 targets out of 100



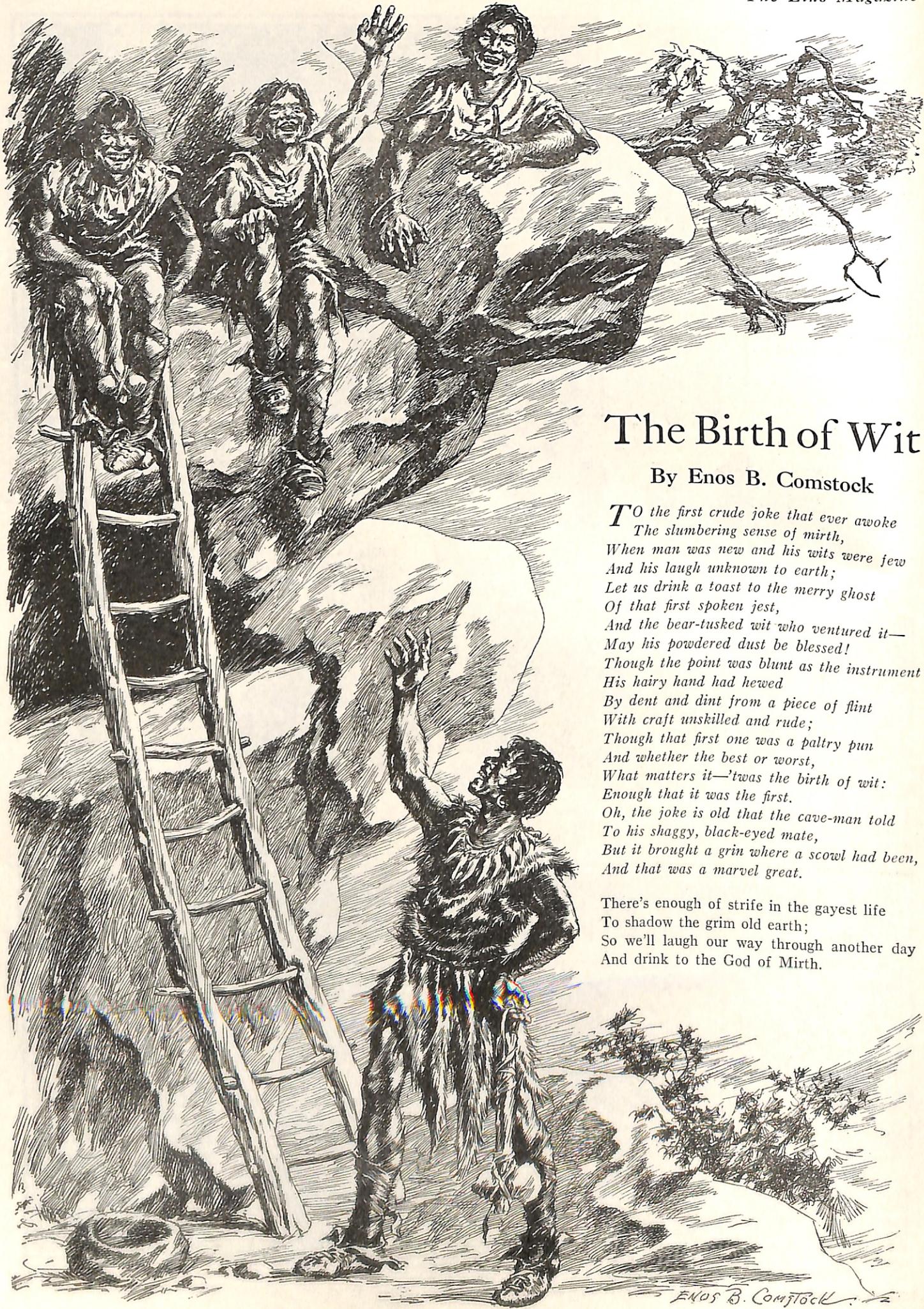
Above—C. C. Fisher of Litchfield, Ill., was the winner in the Doubles Trapshoot Event. Guy Von Schriltz of Pittsburg, Kans., finished second



Above—Ed Hosp, Jack Francis and J. H. Hamilton, Associate Editor of ELKDOM OUTDOORS, with 23 bluefish and bonita, taken at Brielle, N. J. Powell Lindgren snapped the picture

Right—Art Olson of Highland Park, Ill., succeeded himself as National Golf Champion. With him are Chairman James Stewart and M. H. Beaudin, also of Highland Park, runner up





## The Birth of Wit

By Enos B. Comstock

*TO the first crude joke that ever awoke  
 The slumbering sense of mirth,  
 When man was new and his wits were few  
 And his laugh unknown to earth;  
 Let us drink a toast to the merry ghost  
 Of that first spoken jest,  
 And the bear-tusked wit who ventured it—  
 May his powdered dust be blessed!  
 Though the point was blunt as the instrument  
 His hairy hand had hewed  
 By dent and dint from a piece of flint  
 With craft unskilled and rude;  
 Though that first one was a paltry pun  
 And whether the best or worst,  
 What matters it—'twas the birth of wit:  
 Enough that it was the first.  
 Oh, the joke is old that the cave-man told  
 To his shaggy, black-eyed mate,  
 But it brought a grin where a scowl had been,  
 And that was a marvel great.*

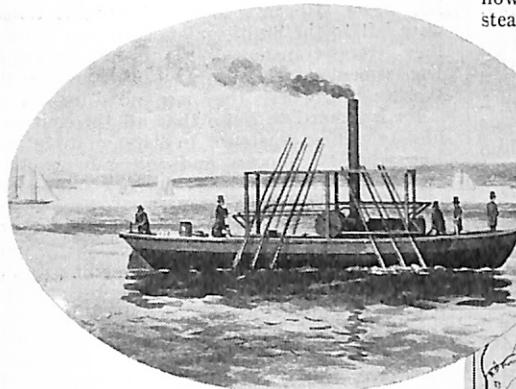
There's enough of strife in the gayest life  
 To shadow the grim old earth;  
 So we'll laugh our way through another day  
 And drink to the God of Mirth.

# “What a Pity, He’s Crazy”

(Continued from page 15)

steamboat went into action. Past the Bridesburg Bridge in Philadelphia this contraption chugged its way up stream to the delight of crowds of people. It was the first time in history that any boat was propelled up stream by any motive power other than human.

This first steamboat was 45 feet long. It ran from Burlington, N. J., to Philadelphia. Later he built a better one which made



Buckingham Studios, Inc.

regular trips between Burlington, Philadelphia, Chester and Wilmington. It carried thirty passengers the full distance in three hours and ten minutes, at eight miles an hour—twice as fast as Fulton's *Clermont* many years later. In 1790 it ran all summer on regular trips. Fitch also made his own engine whereas Fulton had his made in England.

But despite this success, Fitch wanted to do more. He wanted a bigger boat that could cross the ocean by steam and he would have built one had his countrymen supported him. But despite his proven capabilities they laughed at his ambitions and left him without support. Many have wondered at this neglect. A great French genius, Brissot, wrote: "I could not without indignation see the Americans retarding by their sarcasms the generous efforts of one of their own fellow citizens." And this despite the proven success of Fitch's boats.

The *Federal Gazette* and the *Pennsylvania Packet*, Philadelphia newspapers of 1790, contain no less than twenty-three advertisements of the departures and arrivals of Fitch's steamboat. For thirty-one days, at least, it ran regularly, and yet America laughed at Fitch. As he wrote himself: "The day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention. But nobody will believe that poor John Fitch can do anything worthy of attention." He was right.

So Fitch went broke. He could not pay his landlady and hence was dispossessed. Bradley's *Directory of Philadelphia* for 1791 lists him as: "Fitch, John, owner of the steamboat, 462 North 2nd Street."

Notice it was *THE* steamboat! It was the only one!

Fitch attempted to get aid from Thomas Jefferson and was refused. He became so enraged that he sealed his papers in connection with Jefferson, with orders that they were to be given to the public "in the event that this Jefferson ever aspired to run for President!"

In 1793 Fitch patented a new distilling method. Then he left for France where he hoped to get financial support for his better and larger steamboats. But the French Revolution was on and times were bad for such speculations. He left his plans with U. S. Consul Vail, at L'Orient where they later were examined and studied by Robert Fulton.

Fitch then worked his way to New York. He had no money so he returned to his trade, but he was always busy with new plans. On the old Collect Pond, where now the forbidding Tombs Prison rises, his steamboat using the first screw propeller was

launched, and ran in 1796. It was the true forerunner of the world fleets that were one day to sail the seven seas. But it meant nothing to New Yorkers. One of its first trips carried Robert Fulton and his friend and backer Livingston! This screw propeller boat brought no more fame nor aid to Fitch than did his earlier inventions. The old boat lay on the shore of the pond only to be gradually broken up, its parts carried away by the children of the neighborhood.

Failing to get anywhere with his inventions Fitch trekked once more to his old stamping grounds in Kentucky. His land

(Continued on page 40)



Smithsonian Institute

*This map, amazingly accurate in view of the handicaps under which it was made, was drawn, engraved, printed and colored—all by hand—by Fitch in 1785. In the oval is reproduced a painting of Fitch's first steamboat. This painting and the model from which it was made are both in the National Museum in Washington*



(Continued from page 39)

there was valuable, but once again his luck was out. Squatters had preempted most of it. He settled down at Bardstown where he still had a bit of land. He was growing old, was ill and intemperate. Making friends with one McConn, a tavern keeper at Bardstown, he made a deal with him whereby for 150 acres of land McConn would furnish him with bed and board and a pint of whiskey per day for the rest of his life.

Fitch would hang around the blacksmith shop of the little town and tell of his inventions. He would prognosticate that one day someone else would grow wealthy from them and that his boats would plow the oceans and make the country rich by way of the Ohio and the Mississippi. The louts just laughed and said: "What a pity, he's crazy."

He could have had a fortune. Not only did his wife offer him her inheritance but Gardaquoir, a Spanish envoy, offered him an immense sum if he would sell the rights of his invention to the Spanish king. But old Fitch refused, saying that whatever came of it should go to his own country rather than to a foreign one—and then went back to his whiskey and his dreams.

He was in a sad way. Talking to McConn one day, he said: "I am not getting off this earth fast enough. You must add another pint to my allowance." He gave the inn keeper another plot of farm land for the additional nepenthe that alone made his days endurable. But this was not fast enough either so he saved up the opium pills his physician doled out to him until he had twelve—then, on a hot July night in 1798, he took them all and the unhappy man was at rest.

ONLY the diary of one of his drinking cronies made it possible for Fitch's remains to be found 128 years later, when a United States Congress voted \$15,000 to remove his dust from the public burying ground at Bardstown and place it in the village square under a proper monument, on which is inscribed Congress's acclaim to the real inventor of the steamboat. Small tablets at Trenton, N. J., Warminster, Pa., in the public library at Windsor, Conn., and at Hartford's State Capitol Building also attest to a belated recognition.

Although he was pleased to call himself "Little Johnny Fitch," he was actually six feet tall, thin, erect in bearing and sometimes offensively superior in air. Cynical always, he jeered at the little pretenses and hypocrisies of lesser men. His wit was a two-edged sword that made him few friends. He probably had his tongue in his cheek even when he made his will, for in it he left a sum of money to the Masonic Lodge of Bristol, N. J., the interest on which was to be given annually to the member who would stand on Fitch's grave and sing his favorite

song, "Little Brown Jug." He believed that he was a bit above those he came in contact with, both in intelligence and ability—and in sober truth he was. But naturally it made him enemies. Those whom he endeavored to interest in his plans did not always like to be given the impression that Fitch thought them fools because they thought him one!

Verily, a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. And how pedagogues cling to their outworn, out-moded and musty "historical" facts! One hundred years after Fulton's boat steamed up the Hudson at half the pace of Fitch's, New York held the Hudson-Fulton Centennial Celebration in honor of the man they knew by then did NOT invent the steamboat! Attempts to have Fitch given at least equal honors at that celebration were futile.

It must be stated in all fairness that Fulton himself did not claim prior invention. But Fulton was an aristocrat of aristocrats; his friends were of the wealthy Knickerbocker families of old New York—the Livingstons, the Van Rensselaers and the Schuylers. Anything that Mr. Fulton might "invent" was important. Anything that a poor, crabbed "Connecticut Yankee" might do was not! As Fitch truly said: "They do not believe anything that poor Johnny Fitch can do is worthy of attention."

It would seem that a man of Fitch's stern honesty and perseverance would have gotten further. He had an unwavering faith in his destiny and his ability. History does not show a more outstanding example where a man kept on in the face of constant insult, opposition and cold neglect. Quite naturally he felt this attitude deeply.

No one invention has done more to develop trade in this country than did the



Buckingham Studio, Inc.

This mural painting of Fitch in his workshop occupies one of the arches in the Senate Wing of the Capitol Building in Washington

## Futurity

(Continued from page 9)

Yes! As I said, he could figure out right soon that he was just somebody's stepchild now. But what I never have been able to understand was how he knew the reason why. But he did. There's been times when I've thought maybe some horses was different—like people the Irish call "fey"—seeing things nobody else knows anything about. Well, the black was like that. He had something back of those big, sad-looking eyes of his that "got" more than you and me could understand if we talked all day.

And it told him, whatever it was, who that weanling was. He proved that one morning less than three weeks after the bay

colt was foaled.

Big Jesse, the head stableboy, missed the familiar sight of Chance Premiere's shiny black hide when he passed the paddock near the cabins. He found him twenty minutes later in the spring-house lot with his big head stuck across the double post-and-rail fence that lines the big field—trying to rub noses with his baby brother.

There was a long scratch on his left hind leg and a cut on the right front pastern to show how he'd got there. He jumped. Think what that meant. He was scared to death of rails and fences—but he jumped a six-foot barrier in the dark to get there.

steamboat; in the early days the rivers were the only means of communication. Today they are still of vast importance and what the steamboat means to ocean transportation is obvious. Although the properties of steam as a source of power were known even to the ancients, its use to propel a steamboat was Fitch's sole property. Had it not been for the rough roads he probably would have first invented the steam automobile. In that case he would not have been as well off as he finally became, because the nation was not yet ready for it. But it was ready for the steamboat.

FITCH wrote his own autobiography and left it in his will to the Philadelphia Library Company where it is still in existence. His other papers, plans and specifications were left to the Smithsonian Institute. Later they were transferred to the Manuscript Department of the Library of Congress at Washington where they are now on view.

Fitch seemed to sense that all through his life something was sure to happen to interfere with his success and put him in the wrong. He tells of how, when a child, his father's house caught fire. Fitch dashed in and rescued his sister. An older brother who had been away, ran up just then, and for no good reason began pummelling John as if he were to blame for the fire. John felt very badly to think, small as he was, that his only act had been a rescue at the risk of his life, and yet he was punished. He never forgot that little incident and felt that all his life similar things would rise to plague him.

When he did a surveying job for the Governor of Connecticut for neither pay nor thanks, it was just another proof of this. When he apprenticed himself to a neighbor to learn a trade and was set to work in the fields instead, it was another blow of fate. His troubles with his wife, the loss of the savings he had buried during the war, his difficulties in the army when he lost his rank as an officer, the lack of faith of others in his inventions, the French Revolution, his poverty and illnesses, the loss of his lands in Kentucky—all seemed a gigantic conspiracy to put "Little Johnny Fitch" on the outside of things and to deny him his rightful place in the sun.

It was too much for him, even with all his perseverance and courage. He used up the last remaining pennies of his allowance and when they had gone he took the quickest means he knew to "woo the sleep which closes down his eyelids still."

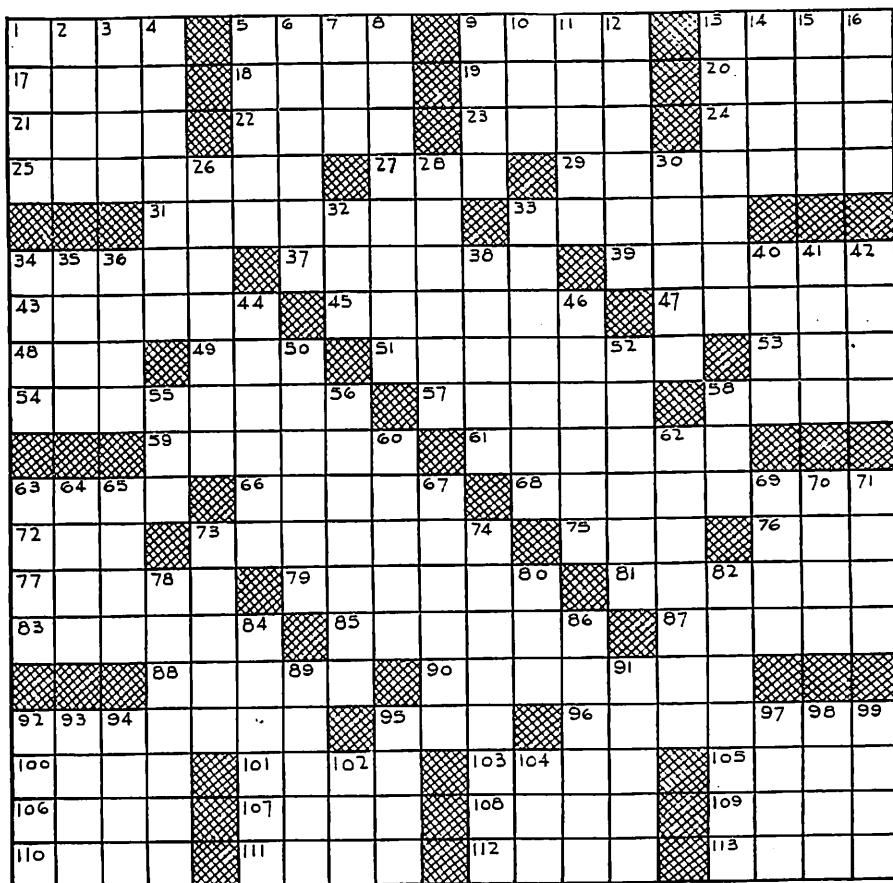
Wherever he dwells in Nirvana, it must bring peace to his troubled soul to hear the whistles floating soundfully above the myriad wakes of steamers traversing the ocean lanes, writing in their foamy traces the imperishable name of "Little Johnny Fitch—the steamboat man."

And he stayed, too. Jess reached for his bridle to lead him back, and the big colt jerked away so hard he almost tore the boy's arm out. Then he walked right back, quiet as could be, and stuck his head across the rail again, his eyes following every move of the runty little fella on the other side. Just so long as they let him alone he was happy. And after two or three others had tried moving him, the hands decided they'd be happy to leave him right where was.

Cass made believe he was real put out about it when Jesse told him, but I could see it tickled him, and finally he had them build a lean-to against the spring-house

# Cross-Word Puzzle

By Richard Hoadley Tingley



wall where the big black could find shelter. That started something. Anybody who knows horses, and if you know them, you love them—it started something that would make you chuckle deep down inside whenever you saw the two together. It made you want to write pieces for the paper about them—or maybe poetry.

They just naturally fell in love—brother love. Don't ask if they really knew, or why or how. But there was something that tied them together and made them want to be close by. I swear you could almost hear them talking across that fence between mouthfuls of grass.

Everybody on the place got a kick out of it. You know, stable hands never call a horse by his fancy name—the one he races under. They always have a pet name of some kind. Chance Premiere had been called a lot of things, most of 'em unkind, but he'd never had any real stable name till Big Jess took to calling the two of them Big Boy and Little Boy. And there they were, Big Boy on one side, Little Boy on the other, and their mother, gray-muzzled old Chancery, swishing flies off her back and just looking wise and perfectly content, like she'd known it was going to happen that way all along.

IT takes a long while for a thoroughbred to grow to racing age, two years—but it goes pretty fast when you're busy, and interested. It didn't seem any time at all until the fall of Little Boy's yearling year and time came to break him and fit him for his big job of racing.

That's a tough job, breaking yearlings. They've got a better term for it out West. "Gentle a horse," they say, and that's just what it is with baby racers. They're just wild as hawks mostly, full of high spirits, steel springs and fire. It takes a deal of hard, patient work to get 'em so they'll stand for the bite of a cinch around their belly, a bit in their mouth and a boy and saddle on their back—that is, without breaking their spirit. You can't do that, any more than you can cage up an eagle and expect him to live.

So when it came time to "gentle" the little fellas, Chance Finale and the rest of the yearling crop, it was the most natural thing in the world to use old black Big Boy as the lead horse—the one that gallops along close by the yearling with a stout man on his back holding a check rope running to the baby's bridle, so he can't tear loose and harm himself.

And what a job the old fella did. He worked twice as hard as any man on the place, getting those youngsters wise to their racing gear and what it felt like to have an arm-thumping young devil astride your withers.

But he sure put on the master touch when Little Boy came out. The bay was the wildest of the lot, so wild that he sun-fished like a broncho and tore the buckles clear loose from his bridle. The next minute he'd dumped the boy off his back and was tearing top speed across the paddock.

That's happened before. Many a time. And nothing very bad has come of it. You sort of round 'em up in a corner and close in. But this time there was downright disaster in the balance. Some fool had forgot to latch the gate.

It seems like we all saw it at the same moment. And so did Little Boy. He was standing, quivering, half-crazy with fear and excitement, fifty yards from the half-open gate straight ahead of him along the far fence.

We were as far away and on an angle. There wasn't anything to do but pray. If he got out that gate and hit the gravel road to the main pike the chances were ten to one he'd never race. He wasn't shod and even if he didn't break a leg in some ditch or

(Continued on page 42)

## Across

- 1—Winged
- 5—Cut
- 9—As compared with
- 13—Ram down hard
- 17—Forefather
- 18—Time of day
- 19—Scold
- 20—Wind musical instrument
- 21—A pedant
- 22—Language of the Scottish Highlanders
- 23—Perfume
- 24—Sluggish
- 25—Greets
- 27—Crafty
- 29—Diminishes
- 31—A siren of the Rhine
- 33—The choicest part
- 34—Bedaub
- 37—Assists
- 39—Near the back
- 43—Gathers knowledge
- 45—Wards off
- 47—A valuable Mexican fiber
- 48—A stupid person
- 49—Likely
- 51—Irregular
- 53—Seventh Greek letter
- 54—Bull-fighters
- 57—Threads used in surgery
- 58—Up
- 59—The north wind
- 61—One who distributes
- 63—The body, in contrast with the germ
- 66—Specialties of the Queen of Hearts
- 68—Stutters
- 72—Time of life
- 73—Syrian goddess of love
- 75—Little taste
- 76—A cheer
- 77—Approaches
- 79—Insufficient
- 81—Mask worn by masqueraders
- 83—Civet-like animals
- 85—A concluding speech
- 87—Squander
- 88—An emanation of radium
- 90—Household gods
- 92—A sparrow-hawk
- 95—Dry, said of wines
- 96—Additional
- 100—Toward shelter
- 101—Apply friction
- 103—Huff
- 105—Facility
- 106—Untruthful person
- 107—Always
- 108—Mental image
- 109—Solemn ceremony
- 110—Erodes
- 111—Hard of hearing
- 112—Automobiles
- 113—Vehicle without wheels

## Down

- 1—Reptiles
- 2—The Italian franc
- 3—Seed covering
- 4—Symmetrical
- 5—Rah rah
- 6—Equines
- 7—Suffix denoting quantity in abundance
- 8—Save
- 9—A measure of weight
- 10—Owned
- 11—Ring-shaped coral island
- 12—Sea nymph
- 13—One who throws (plural)
- 14—Competent
- 15—Celestial body
- 16—Places to sit at church
- 20—Violent wind storms
- 28—Organs secreting bile
- 30—An ascetic
- 32—Grassy meadow
- 33—Landed properties
- 34—Bang
- 35—High table land
- 36—Where the sun rises
- 38—Made a mistake
- 40—To restore something previously deleted
- 41—Female singing voice
- 42—Jump
- 44—Frolics
- 46—Ermynes
- 50—Negotiates
- 52—Decorated by the insertion of wood or metal
- 55—Arabian coat
- 56—A Moslem
- 58—Weapon
- 60—Long narrow piece of cloth or leather
- 62—Authorize
- 63—Chanted
- 64—Moulding curve
- 65—Lowly
- 67—A blow struck in whipping
- 69—Goddess of discord
- 70—Harangue
- 71—Article of foot gear
- 73—Moving
- 74—Composed of selections
- 78—Persons who hire houses
- 80—Eternity
- 82—Leaders
- 84—Boiled
- 86—An aged rustic
- 88—A yellowish-green color
- 91—Porous rocks formed by streams
- 92—Variety of cabbage
- 93—Charles Lamb's pen-name
- 94—Bench
- 95—Dry up
- 97—Accost
- 98—Italian family from which the present rulers of England descended
- 99—Tall grass stem
- 102—Sliding scale on a steelyard
- 104—Mountain in Crete

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 49.

(Continued from page 41)

stone pile, God knows the pounding on the rocks or concrete roadways would ruin him.

And then he tensed his leg muscles and I knew he was going. That was when Big Boy moved. Old Jerry was sitting on him, watching the yearlings like a hawk. He saw those muscles stiffen and on the instant he slapped his heels into the black's ribs and broke him running straight as a string for the corner where the gate hung open.

It was fifty-fifty. But the Little Boy had the edge. Straight down the rail he came like the wind with his blood shot eyes glued on that space that spelled freedom. And tearing across at right angles was the black with Joedy riding low and hard. But there wasn't any open space ahead for them. Just solid bars of two-by-twelve fence rail, hard and murderous as the rail the two of them had crashed through years before and the wicked splinters that had torn the racing heart out of the black's big body. Don't tell me he didn't see those rails. I know he did. But he saw something else too—Little Boy running away. And he never hesitated. There was death in the air for those few seconds.

And Chance Premiere was riding into it like a bolt of black lightning. But he won.

Little Boy seemed to recognize him suddenly and stuck his forefeet into the turf with a stab that brought him skidding to a dead halt ten feet from the gate. The black couldn't stop, even with Joedy pulling hard to help him. He swerved a little, planted his powerful hind legs and whirled. He missed the heavy corner post by inches and crashed, the top rail of the gate flush against his chest.

It had happened so quickly that all of us acted like we were paralyzed. All but Colonel Cass. He's no youngster, and his heart doesn't click like it used to, but he made that fifty yards like a swallow.

You can't blame him much for going to Little Boy first. It only took one look to make sure nothing was wrong. Then he turned him over to Big Jess to hold and stumbled over to where Big Boy was rolling clear of the smashed gate and struggling to his feet. His chest was torn and the blood showed. But he stood up. And the first place his eyes went was across the Colonel's shoulder to the little bay colt. Call me a liar if you want to but I swear there was a look in his eyes just like you or me would smile at a kid brother we loved.

Cass saw it too. There isn't much about a horse he doesn't see and understand. And blood or no blood, he walked in and put his arms around Big Boy's neck.

The next spring Little Boy was a full-fledged two-year-old and ready to step out for the test that would make him a great racehorse or a bitter disappointment.

Big Boy went into the track with him of course. And old Joedy Canavan went too. Cass had relented from the anger that turned him against Joedy after Chance Premiere went through the rail. He'd promised him the first mount on Chance Finale.

They started the second day of the Lexington meeting after the bay had burned up the track in the morning workouts. It seemed he couldn't lose. But he did.

Or rather he didn't win.

There wasn't anything wrong. He broke well, ran into the lead and his great speed carried him along easily in front. Until they hit the stretch and the other boys let their mounts down for the long, hard battle to the finish.

Little Boy kept on galloping, his head up, looking out over the infield, his glorious legs moving steady and gracefully as smooth-moving pistons. He ran but he didn't race.

You see he didn't have the racing instinct, or didn't understand what it was all about. If some other horse wanted to run past him and lead the way, he didn't care. There have been horses like that before. Some of them got over it, but most of them never did.

But we had to make him care. We had to make him want to win—for Cass, and Chancy, and Big Boy.

And Big Boy did it for us.

I told you Cass had his heart set on winning three big races with the bay. It was a layout for a champion of champions. The Belmont Futurity as a two-year-old, the Kentucky Derby at three and the Saratoga Cup at four. So he shipped him East in August and hoped against hope for the change that would make a winner of the fastest maiden two-year-old in the country.

I went along to handle him. But Cass

hopeless. Little Boy wouldn't even stir his stumps in the mornings for me and you can't beat fifteen or twenty of the grandest colts and fillies in the world over that short seven furlong straight at Belmont without plenty of good hard workouts to fit your horse inside and out.

The race was just eight days off and something had to be done. I called Cass long distance but he'd started East by way of Washington and the good Lord only knew when he would get to the track. So I took the law into my own hands for the second time in all the forty years I've been Cass Singleton's trainer. The other time was when I bought Chancy on tick.

It seemed like that had sort of privileged me in the case of her sons so I telegraphed Joedy. "Bring Big Boy special horse car first fast train" was what I wrote.

The trip was going to cost like sixty and I was in my usual shape of being next door to the poorhouse. But we were shooting at a \$90,000 stake and I wasn't going to let anything stop me if Cass Singleton had to go broke for my trying. Besides, winning that race meant more to him than all the money in the world.

That was on a Friday. Sunday I got word from Joedy that he had vanned the black to Cincinnati and was leaving there Monday morning. Which meant they'd be in sometime Tuesday—and the race was on Saturday.

"Come on you Shawnee Premier," I whispered to myself when I read the wire, just like I'd yelled it so many times when we were trying to shout the big horse in—and he always lost.

It was a funny situation, wasn't it? There I was with one of the fastest horses I'd ever seen, when he would run, a colt that could work five-eighths of a mile in a minute flat damn near any time I turned him loose—and we were waiting for the biggest racing failure in a coon's age to give us a winning chance. It got to be pretty bad the Tuesday night they were due. To make matters worse they were late on account of the long delays in switching the car to get it over to Long Island.

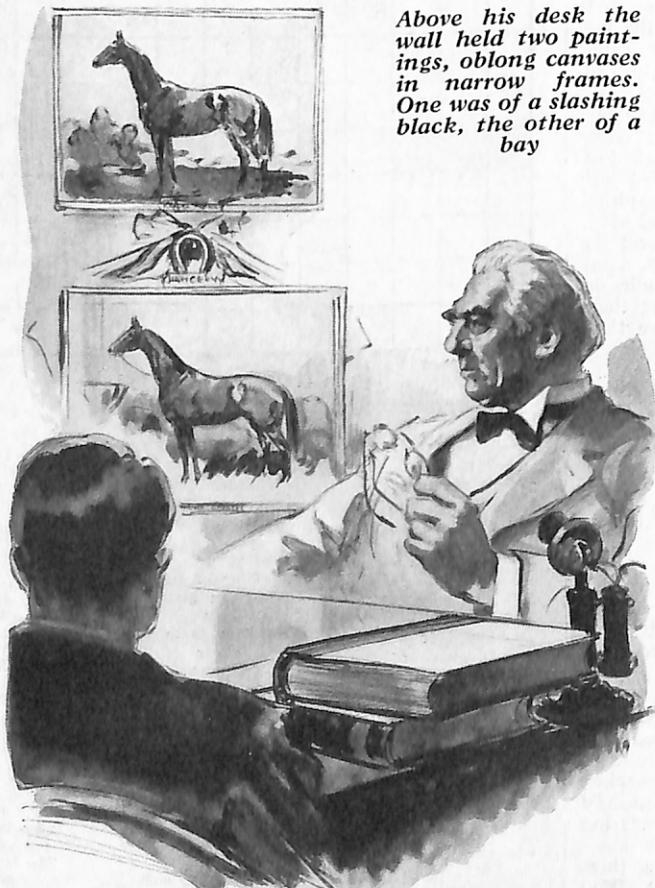
I drove over to the track spur, sitting hunched up in the front seat of my car, waiting for them. There was plenty of time to fret and I was jumpy as a cat. We were stabling way up at the far end, a good three-eighths of a mile from the siding but I kept looking over that way through the trees just like it was broad daylight and I could see Little Boy and Big Jess—which I couldn't.

It's a good thing they got that car in when they did or I'd have run myself ragged, chasing back and forth between stable and spur.

Big Boy came prancing down the treadway looking for all the world like the star he wasn't—but should have been. He stood the trip in fine shape and it's a funny thing but seeing him there gave me a lot of confidence. I don't believe I ever was so glad to see a race horse that couldn't race in my life.

But I had little time to tell him. Joedy reached for my hand and then stopped halfway, staring over my shoulder. "Fire!" he yelled.

I swung around following the point of his (Continued on page 44)



wanted Joedy here on the farm to break the new crop of yearlings so I had to leave him behind—and Big Boy stayed with him.

That was a mistake and at the same time it was the thing that made everything else possible later on.

Chance Finale was lonesome for his big brother. I found that out within two days after we had unloaded at Belmont Park. The fact is he'd been fidgety all the way on the trip but I laid that to nervousness. Then I was afraid he had a touch of car-fever and I called in a vet. But the old cow doctor that looked him over called him sound.

Before the week was out I knew it was

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FROM THE SPEEDWAY COMES THEIR STAMINA

FROM THE SKYWAY COMES THEIR STYLE



(Continued from page 42)

hand. Way over at the far end a streak of flame was rising above the trees. If it wasn't our place it was too close for safety.

"Follow me," I yelled over my shoulder and jumped for the car. I looked back as the clutch took hold and saw Joedy make a flying leap for Big Boy's back.

The road was rough and it held me back some, but that car traveled, believe me. And Joedy and the black were right on my tail all the way. Coming down the last three hundred yards I could see the flames shooting higher and higher and people running back and forth like black ants in front of the burning stable.

Somebody came tearing out from between a row of stables with the hose car. "The Johnson barn," he yelled. That was where we were.

THE thing was roaring when I got there. It was a winter barn, built solid with walls outside, then an exercise ring and inside the stalls. There were half doors at all four corners.

The first person I saw when I stumbled out from behind the wheel was Big Jess. His right arm was hanging loose at his side and he was trying to kick in the door at the southwest corner, crying and moaning.

"The colt," I shouted at him, "is he out of it?" But I knew damn well. Jess staggered back from the heat. "He won't come out," he said. "I tried to bring him and he went plumb crazy. He kicked me to pieces and broke my arm."

I ran to the north side. The top half of the door was open. But the bottom half was still fastened and the opening was just a wall of fire. I started to run to the other side, the east, but Joedy met me, leading Big Boy.

"No chance," he gasped, choking with smoke. "The wind's that way and the whole side is crumbling."

I turned and followed him, back to the place where the half-door stood open like the mouth of a furnace.

"Where's he stabled?" Joedy called, sharp above the noise of the flames.

"Second stall from this end," I said.

He looked up over his shoulder at the black horse. "Did you hear that?" he said, and almost before he'd finished came the most un-Godly sound, certainly the most heart-rending sound a human ever heard. It was Little Boy sounding his death-call from out of the middle of that blazing torture.

I could feel it hit the black. His head went up and the flames shot blood-red lights in his eyes. Sort of instinctively I moved to hold him but Joedy moved first.

"Give me a leg-up," he barked, and the next minute he'd planted his foot in my right hand and vaulted to Big Boy's back.

"Straight in there," he said. "Straight in there, Big Boy." And with that they were gone.

Straight they went too, with never a bobble, the big horse breaking like a streak for the burning door, through—and in.

Some of the men came running by dragging the hose. I grabbed the nozzle. "In here," I screamed, waving my arm, "in here." The water came on and I moved up as close as I could, shooting the stream toward the door of that second stall.

Through the steam and smoke and flame I could see the shine of Big Boy's coat. Then a little ahead of him, Joedy, hunched up with an arm across his face, to keep out the killing heat. There seemed something wrong, like they weren't moving at all. Then the smoke lifted a little and I saw what it was.

Big Boy was limping so badly his grand old head was dropping a foot and a half every time he stepped. That couldn't mean but one thing. His leg was gone.

But they were moving and they were moving straight. I saw them stumble through the door of the stall. Then the

smoke came down again and I couldn't see anything but fire.

I couldn't see anything until a shout from the south end made me look up. I saw then, the door was swinging open and an instant later a sleek bay colt charged out into the open air, with a blanket over his head and a sweating, black-faced scare-crow with what was left of Joedy Canavan's red hair, sitting on his back.

Big Jess grabbed him but I got there almost as soon. Soon enough to catch Joedy as he slipped off. But I couldn't hold him. He jerked loose from me and staggered a bit. Then he turned right back toward that open door.

"You can't go back," I said. "I'm going back," he answered. "Big Boy's in there and he can't get out. His leg's busted."

I had to throw him back to stop him. "I'll go," I said. But there wasn't a chance. I hadn't taken two steps till the whole center section began to sway. Then the timbers groaned with the strain and the roof fell.

I went back to Little Boy and Joedy. Smoke or no smoke the two of us were crying like babies.

Then Big Boy won his race.

From out of the pillar of flame, above the roar and crash, came a shrill, trumpeting call. It was like the one he'd heard from Little Boy—the one he'd answered. But it was different, wonderfully different. It wasn't a shrill of Fear—it was Fight!

And Little Boy knew. I saw the blood-red in his eyes when his head went up pointing to the stars and his own voice rolled out to answer it.

They said he'd be a nervous wreck. That he'd be wind-broke. That he couldn't possibly win after that experience. They didn't know.

He won the Futurity. Won it by two clear lengths from flagfall to finish. I read in the papers the next day that "he was all alone from the start." He wasn't alone. I saw the race. Big Boy was with him, by God, and they ran like a team.

## Sport's Most Treasured Trophy

(Continued from page 30)

of 1930, should be required reading for any prospective challenger. Without doing it in so many words, Mr. Vanderbilt has written a text-book on the approach to cup racing. The man who assimilates the lesson it teaches has taken an important step toward ultimate victory.

Thoroughness! *Enterprise* was a triumph of thoroughness. It was the quality that won her the post of defender. The end of the dock of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company at Bristol, R. I., where *Enterprise* was built, was littered with gear tried on the defense candidate and found wanting. Nothing that her designer and afterguard could think of that might improve her speed was left untried. Everything received a thorough test. No work was spared.

And constant effort brought the great white sloop along as the season progressed. Preparation of the sloop, of the crew, of the afterguard was thorough, complete, and the result was that *Enterprise* was chosen to defend after *Weetamoe* had made a more impressive showing earlier in the season, and convinced many critics that she was the fastest cup sloop. Then *Enterprise* went on to win the cup series in four consecutive races.

Thoroughness! The possibility of a man falling overboard is something that must always be considered at sea. All of the cup craft had rescue drill. But the afterguard of *Enterprise* took it a step further. Charles "Bubbles" Havemeyer, assistant helmsman,



International

T. O. M. Sopwith, whose splendid new challenger, Endeavour, will attempt to win the America's cup for England this month

jumped overboard at sea in order that a demonstration of an actual rescue might be made. The result was life saving under the conditions that might be expected if such an accident really happened.

In the whole picture of cup defense, that is perhaps a minor point, but none the less it is illustrative of much larger ones. They were approached in the same spirit, and the result was victory. They didn't do things that way aboard *Weetamoe*, or *Yankee*, or *Whirlwind*, nor yet *Shamrock V*, and that is one of the major reasons why things turned out as they did.

It is too early to say whether this will be the case in 1934, and yet it would be a mistake to say that a large part of the preliminary work leading to the cup series has not already been done. As a matter of fact, it is necessary to go back some time to find the origin of the coming races, which open off Newport, weather permitting, on September 15.

THE story of the present challenge properly begins in 1930, when Charles Nicholson came to this country with *Shamrock V*, which he designed. His sloop was badly beaten, for reasons that will appear later, and he knew that this would be the case as soon as he saw *Enterprise*. He realized then that without a new rig the green challenger was hopelessly out of it.

Money with which to do this was not available, and so *Shamrock V* went on as

she was to defeat. But Mr. Nicholson, a fine sportsman and an excellent designer, filed away the things he learned here for future reference. Already he was thinking of a Class J sloop that would embody these ideas, and he designed her when he returned to England. There was reason to believe that Sir Thomas Lipton was going to challenge again, and this new craft was probably destined to be *Shamrock VI*. But the Scotch-Irish baronet died, and pessimists predicted freely that with him died cup racing for at least a generation.

This was, as we know now, far from the case, for the first step in the new challenge, the designing of a sloop that promised great things, had already been taken. She was ultimately ordered by W. L. Stephenson, head of the English Woolworth company, and was built and launched under the name *Velsheda*. Slow to start, she worked eventually into winning ways, and became the fastest big sloop in English waters. Time after time she defeated *Shamrock V*, which had her new rig and was much faster than when she raced here.

**R**EPORT has it that a challenge would have been issued on behalf of *Velsheda* had not Mr. Nicholson felt that he could do still better, could produce a Class J sloop abler to windward, the point of sailing on which the great majority of challengers have been hopelessly secondary to the defenders. T. O. M. Sopwith, prominent in English aviation and automobile circles, and who was once a stunt flier in this country, ordered this yacht, and named her *Endeavour*. She is the challenger.

Here was the initial cost, for the question of finances must be considered right at the start. It is impossible to make a successful attempt on the cup without a large reserve of money. Class J sloops are expensive playthings. In 1930 the syndicates of the four American defense candidates spent in all about \$3,000,000. Today, of course, such an expenditure would be an impossibility.

Despite this, three American boats, the *Yankee*, *Weetamoe*, and the new Burgess-designed *Rainbow*, are competing for the post of defender, and it is likely that \$1,000,000 will be spent on them before they are hauled out of the water next autumn for a winter on shore. The cost of keeping and feeding a crew of some twenty men runs into money. Sails are expensive. Tenders for towing the sloops to and from the harbor and the course eat up fuel. And all this is in addition to the original expense of building and putting the craft into commission.

The challenger must also make a transatlantic voyage and be worked into shape all over again. Her expenses, before the season is over, should run to something like \$200,000 and perhaps more, including everything, and assuming that a whole-hearted effort is made to win, as it will be. No, you can't win the America's Cup on a shoe-string. It's been tried.

It was demonstrated in 1930. *Shamrock V*, had certain changes been made in her rig, might have given *Enterprise* a great run for her money. But the expense was deemed too great, the changes desired by the designer were not made, and the result was one of the most complete failures in cup history. Sentiment is a fine thing, and most Americans wished Sir Thomas well. But the brutal fact is that a man, or a syndicate, that cannot or will not spend money on his, or its, entry has no chance of winning.

**A**SSUMING that sufficient money is behind a challenger to do to her what must be done to whip her into shape, let us turn to the sloop itself. The layman might think that she would be at her best when first

(Continued on page 46)

*"I gambled a dime  
and won a buddy!"*



VICTOR McLAGLEN . . . popular Fox Pictures star

**T**HE first Union Leader tobacco I ever saw was smoked by an extra, on location. He said he smoked it because he got so much for 10¢. But he looked as though he thoroughly enjoyed it, so I thought I'd gamble a dime and buy a tin

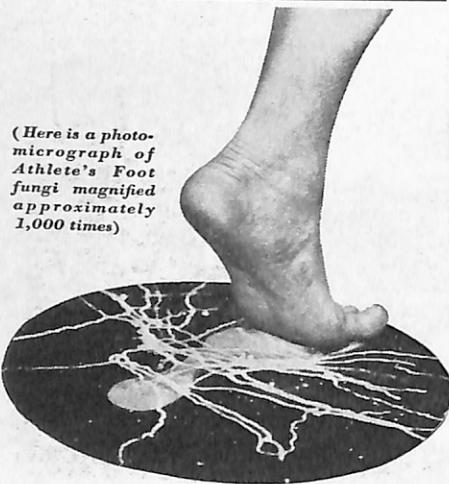
of Union Leader myself. I was not disappointed. Man! What mellow Kentucky Burley! Union Leader has been a buddy of mine ever since. It's much more appealing to my taste and costs much less than my former brand. (I like it in cigarettes, too.)

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### The Races for the America's Cup

YEAR	CHALLENGER	OWNER	DEFENDER	OWNER
1851	<i>America</i> (U.S.)	Stevens Syndicate	<i>Aurora</i> (E)	T. Le Merchant
	<i>America</i> defeated the Royal Yacht Squadron fleet, with <i>Aurora</i> the second yacht to finish.			
1870	<i>Cambria</i> (E)	James Ashbury	<i>Magic</i> (U.S.)	Franklin Osgood
	<i>Cambria</i> raced against the New York Yacht Club fleet and finished tenth, <i>Magic</i> winning.			
1871	<i>Livonia</i> (E)	James Ashbury	<i>Columbia</i> (U.S.)	Franklin Osgood
	<i>Columbia</i> won two races and lost one. cup, four races to one.	<i>Sappho</i> (U.S.)	Commodore Douglas	
		<i>Sappho</i> won two races, giving America the		
1876	<i>Countess of Dufferin</i> (C)	Gifford Syndicate	<i>Madeleine</i> (U.S.)	J. S. Dickerson
	<i>Madeleine</i> won, two races to none.			
1881	<i>Atalanta</i> (C)	Alexander Cuthbert	<i>Mischief</i> (U.S.)	Joseph R. Busk
	<i>Mischief</i> won, two races to none.			
1885	<i>Genesta</i> (E)	Sir Richard Sutton	<i>Puritan</i> (U.S.)	Paine Syndicate
	<i>Puritan</i> won, two races to none.			
1886	<i>Galatea</i> (E)	William Henn	<i>Mayflower</i> (U.S.)	Gen. Charles J. Paine
	<i>Mayflower</i> won, two races to none.			
1887	<i>Thistle</i> (S)	James Bell	<i>Volunteer</i> (U.S.)	Gen. Charles J. Paine
	<i>Volunteer</i> won, two races to none.			
1893	<i>Valkyrie II</i> (E)	Earl of Dunraven	<i>Vigilant</i> (U.S.)	Iselin Syndicate
	<i>Vigilant</i> won, three races to none.			
1895	<i>Valkyrie III</i> (E)	Earl of Dunraven	<i>Defender</i> (U.S.)	Iselin Syndicate
	<i>Defender</i> won, three races to none.			
1899	<i>Shamrock I</i> (I)	Sir Thomas Lipton	<i>Columbia</i> (U.S.)	Morgan Syndicate
	<i>Columbia</i> won, three races to none.			
1901	<i>Shamrock II</i> (I)	Sir Thomas Lipton	<i>Columbia</i> (U.S.)	Morgan Syndicate
	<i>Columbia</i> won, three races to none.			
1903	<i>Shamrock III</i> (I)	Sir Thomas Lipton	<i>Reliance</i> (U.S.)	Vanderbilt Syndicate
	<i>Reliance</i> won, three races to none.			
1920	<i>Shamrock IV</i> (I)	Sir Thomas Lipton	<i>Resolute</i> (U.S.)	Walters Syndicate
	<i>Resolute</i> won, three races to two.			
1930	<i>Shamrock V</i> (I)	Sir Thomas Lipton	<i>Enterprise</i> (U.S.)	Vanderbilt Syndicate
	<i>Enterprise</i> won, four races to none.			

Key: U.S.—United States, (E)—England, (I)—Ireland, (C)—Canada, (S)—Scotland

(Continued from page 45)  
launched and rigged, but the chances are good that she will never again be as slow as at that time. The process of taking a new craft, fresh from the yard, and working her into racing condition, is called tuning up. It is vitally important.

In theory everything is right on a boat when she is turned over to the owner. Actually it would be more nearly accurate to say nothing is right about her. As she sits in the water she is a drawing translated into fact, an untried experiment ready for the world of reality. Basically she has potentialities, but no more than that. It remains for men to sail her, experiment with her, change her, discard what is bad, keep and add to what is good, until she has realized on her possibilities.

This is a tricky business, and one that may, if things go badly, prematurely whiten the hair of the most optimistic of men. It seems sometimes that nothing can help a boat, that she is doomed to failure. And yet the trouble may be caused by some relatively insignificant thing. Insignificant, that is, to the eye of man. To the sloop it may mean the difference between success and failure.

The sensitiveness of racing yachts is well illustrated in a story about the Six Meter sloop *Lea*, now outbuilt, but in her day one of the fastest craft in that class in existence. For some reason *Lea* was in a slump. Having been a consistent winner, she developed into an equally steady tail-ender, following the other members of the class around in race after race.

Then—it was in Larchmont Race Week in 1928, if memory serves—she was going along at the end of the procession again in a fairly fresh breeze when the main outhaul, which holds the foot of the mainsail at the end of the boom, carried away, and the outhaul runner slid inboard a few inches and jammed there. It could neither be slackened further nor restored to its original position.

The feeling on board *Lea* was that this constituted the final blow in the race, that any chance of getting out of last place had gone glimmering, a sufficiently logical belief. And yet it was not so. *Lea* started to move, she sailed right through the class and won the race. The adjustment involuntarily effected when the outhaul carried away was exactly what was needed. It was a matter of a few inches—and *Lea* is approximately forty feet long from stem to stern. This is a story that might be many times repeated. The importance of little things cannot be overlooked in tuning up.

HERE, of course, is a point to be weighed profoundly by anyone who seeks to win the America's Cup. It is, one might say with perfect correctness, obvious. And yet, in view of the history of the cup, this would not seem to be the case. The record indicates, in fact, that the very opposite is true.

The challenger, even more than the defender, must realize this for the following reason: the deed of gift under which racing for the America's Cup is conducted provides that the challenger must be built in her native land, and must sail on her own bottom to the port at which the series is to be held. Granted that under the mutual consent of the deed this has been interpreted to permit towing the challenger when weather conditions allow it, the fact remains that this provision is one of the greatest handicaps under which the side seeking to take the cup away labors.

The reason for this is not that the challenger must be more strongly built, and therefore heavier, than the defender—thus permitting the home side to build a racing machine while the other must be a real sea boat. Both craft are built to the same rule now, and must measure up to the same standards of strength and safety. In designing a yacht three factors must be balanced: speed, safety and comfort. If you increase the safety you cut down on the speed, and vice versa.

September, 1934

The hardship, as I say, does not lie here, but rather in the question of tuning up for the series. Was it coincidence that *Shamrock IV*, which came closer by far to winning the cup than any other challenger, came to this country in 1914? The war intervened and no race was run until 1920. She did not have to make an ocean crossing in the year she raced for the cup and therefore had plenty of time for tuning up on the scene of the races. I think there is a direct connection.

THE ideal arrangement would be to have the challenger arrive here in the summer of the year before the series is scheduled, with a trial horse. This being impractical in the present case, *Endeavour* should have been in this country by the first of July at the latest in order to have been really ready for the races. It is a serious mistake to arrive late in the season, for in addition to sacrificing the chance to tune up, it deprives the afterguard—the amateur officers of the craft—of the opportunity of learning about weather, tide and current conditions over the actual cup course.

A convincing demonstration is afforded by the case of *Shamrock V*. She was launched in the yard of Camper and Nicholson at Gosport, England, on the same day that *Enterprise* took the water at Bristol. Actually, however, *Enterprise* was at least a month farther along than *Shamrock*, for she was at least a month nearer the scene of activity, Newport. That month was devoted to exhaustive tuning up, and it may well be that this period was the deciding factor in the easy victory of the defender. For *Shamrock V* was by no means a poor sloop, nor yet a slow one. Had she realized on her potentialities as thoroughly as did *Enterprise*, the result of the series would have been a toss-up.

Up to the first of July, 1930, the tuning up process of both sloops had followed generally similar lines. *Shamrock V* had demonstrated great superiority over all English cutters of her size, while *Enterprise* was definitely second to *Weetamoe* in this country. But *Enterprise* was racing over the cup course, while *Shamrock V* was several thousand miles away, and had between her and the starting mark a transatlantic crossing. And so when she was well on her way to racing trim, the upper section of her mast was removed, a ketch rig loaded on her, and her long journey—much of it at the end of the steam yacht *Erin's* towline—completed.

The whole process took about a month, and when *Shamrock V* arrived in New London harbor she was back where she started, with her tuning up to be undertaken all over again. It is true that the afterguard had some idea of the way she should be rigged, and her staying was restored as nearly as possible to what it had been, but at best it was an approximation.

There was only one way in which the rerigging could have been checked for effectiveness—in which *Shamrock V* could have been tuned up again. It was not taken, although the opportunity offered, because of the feeling that the process would have demonstrated too definitely to the public eye what *Shamrock* could do, or rather could not do, and thus in a measure kill interest in the cup races themselves.

Refusal to accept Gerard B. Lambert's sporting offer of *Vanitie* as a trial horse for *Shamrock V* was the crowning mistake in the preparation of that challenger. Sir William Burton, who commanded *Shamrock IV* in 1920, announced on his return to England that the cup would never be won without an adequate trial horse, and he was right.

The reason for this is that it is literally impossible to tell how fast a yacht is moving

(Continued on page 48)

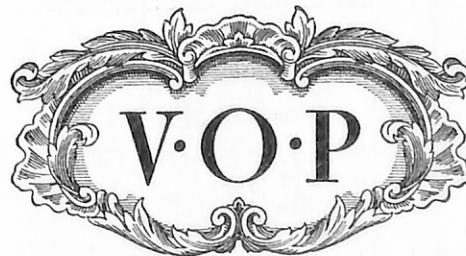


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(Continued from page 47)  
without competition. Any sailing vessel seems to be moving like the Twentieth Century Limited when there is no standard of comparison. To a certain extent the newly developed speedometers as applied to cruising craft are beneficial, but there is no real substitute for competition.

Consequently when *Shamrock V* went out for her trial spins here, her afterguard had no way of checking on her performance. She probably acted as though she was going faster than ever before. I remember the tremor of fear that ran through American experts as they saw *Shamrock V* under sail in the gentlest breezes off Newport. It didn't seem possible that any other sloop could match that pace in light air.

And yet, when the actual cup races got under way, it appeared that *Weetamoe* and *Yankee*, as well as *Enterprise*, could have taken the measure of the green sloop from Ireland without undue difficulty. In a series in which the conditions were more nearly equal than ever before, the competition was less even.

WELL, there you are again, bumping into the item of expense—for trial horses cost plenty of money to operate. It is always in the background. Whatever is contemplated: changing rig, ordering new sails, hauling out for polishing the underbody, all are done through the expenditure of money, and in no other way. Sails in particular are a tremendous item of expense. In 1930 the sail-making firm of Ratsey and Laphorne, of City Island, ran two trucks, one to and one from Newport, almost every night during the time the American sloops were in the Rhode Island port, taking new or recut sails to them, or bringing back sails on which alterations or repairs were to be made.

Mainsails for a Class J sloop cost in the neighborhood of \$10,000 apiece. Working headsails are not so expensive, but nevertheless they mount up. Light sails, balloon jib topsails, reaching jibs and spinnakers, swell the total. And a yacht must have

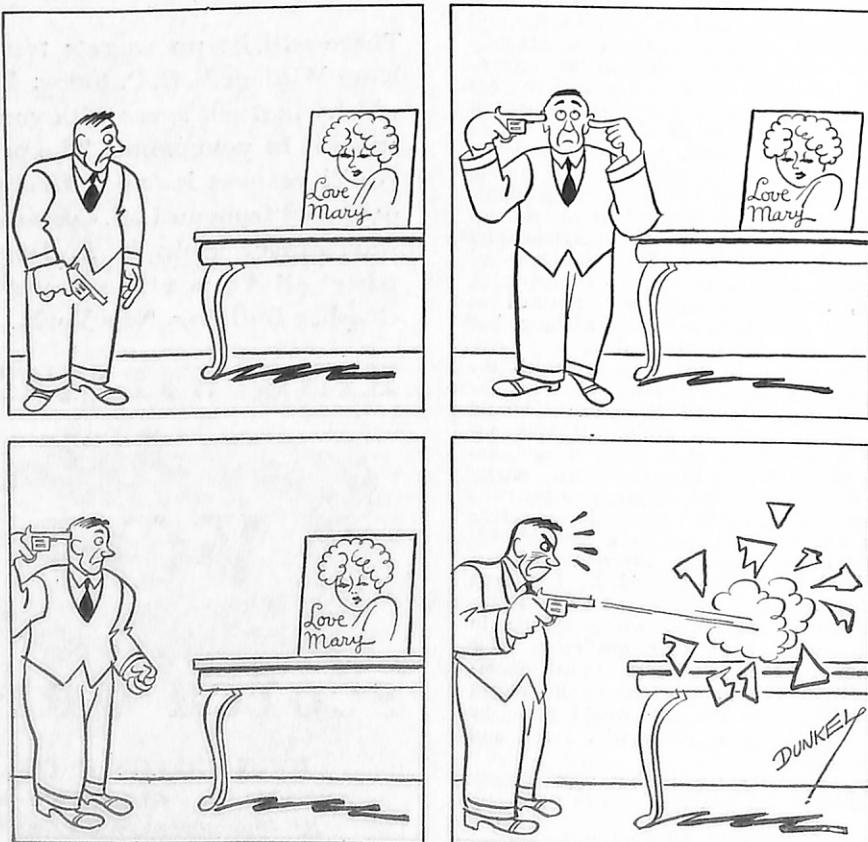
several mainsails, and different types of spinnakers, for various wind conditions. It is likely that the cost of sails for *Enterprise* over the 1930 season was pretty nearly as much as the original expense of building the sloop.

And at this time I should like to say something about *Enterprise*, referred to as the "mechanical marvel" in a way that implied that America had not given Sir Thomas a fair break. There is absolutely no ground for making such an assertion. It was at the hands of her own people that *Shamrock V* suffered. Nothing was done to *Enterprise*, nothing was installed on her about which the challenging side lacked knowledge. The defender had nothing that the challenger couldn't have had if it had been wanted.

The present cup sloops differ from those of the 1930 series in several respects, however, and the question of mechanical devices has been pretty well settled for the present. Under the new rules adopted following the 1930 races, it was decided that a Class J sloop must have living accommodations below deck for her crew, that all winches must be on deck, and that the mast, stripped of rigging, must weigh at least 5,500 pounds.

These changes, designed on the one hand to cut down expense, and on the other to get away from the "racing machine" idea that produced yachts too weak structurally to go to sea in anything more than a moderate breeze, have to a certain extent done what was hoped for from them. I do not believe, however, that it will materially affect cup racing one way or the other.

In a sense the syndicate and afterguard of *Weetamoe* made the same mistake as did the *Shamrock* outfit. They stood pat on their craft. She was hardly changed all summer. Her afterguard tuned her up beautifully, established her as the fastest candidate of the four in the early season, and let it go at that. It was the belief of the *Weetamoe* board of strategy that the sloop was good enough, no matter what was done to *Enterprise* and that in all probability is why the



## Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 41)

ALAR	CHOP	THAN	TAMP
SIRE	HOUR	RATE	OBLOE
PRIG	ERSE	ODOR	SLOW
SALUTES	SLY	LESSENS	
LORELEI	ELITE		
SMEAR	SERVES	DORSAL	
LEARNS	AVERTS	LISTLE	
ASS	APT	ERRATIC	ETA
MATADORS	SETON	ATOP	
BOREAS	DEALER		
SOMA	TARTS	STAMMERS	
AGE	ASTARTE	SIP	RAH
NEARS	SCARCE	DOMINO	
GENETS	EPilogue	WASTE	
NITON	PENATES		
KESTREL	SEC	FURTHER	
ALEE	WIPE	TIFF	EASE
LIAR	EVER	IDEA	RITE
EATS	DEAF	CARS	SLED

latter defended the cup.

There have appeared thus far, then, two basic requirements for success in an America's Cup series: sufficient money must be available; by constant experimentation, by trial races, by working on the sails and rigging until they are just right, the yacht, defender or challenger, must be brought to her fastest possible gait by the time of the cup races.

These two requirements, with one more, must be met before the start of the cup series itself. If the syndicate and afterguard have failed in either—and failure in the first means almost sure failure in the second, although the converse is not true—the odds are overwhelmingly in favor of defeat unless the opposition has also failed, which is not to be counted on too heavily.

THE third point, just as important as the second, has to do with the human equation. A yacht must be tuned up for racing. So, too, must her crew and afterguard. One assumes that the men hired in the crew and chosen for the afterguard are able. If they are not, they have no business where they are, and should be dismissed.

Taking for granted the ability of the crew, it is no more reasonable to expect them to function smoothly together without constant supervised practice than it would be to accumulate eleven star football players and expect them to function as a team. In both cases the units must be integrated into a machine, and there is only one way to do it. That is to figure out how the manoeuvres shall be executed, teach them to the men, impress on the crew the knowledge that they are to be done that way, and not some other way just as good—and through constant repetition in actual practice bring them to the point where they become automatic.

The result is team-work, discipline, qualities vitally important to the success of a cup sloop. One of the prime difficulties with which the *Shamrock V* expedition was confronted was that the crew would not take stations. On a well organized yacht, every man in the crew has his definite station for every manoeuvre—for coming about, for jibbing, for putting on, dousing, or trimming sail. He knows exactly what his job is, and he knows that at the time the order is given he is responsible for nothing else.

Tacking—changing the direction of a yacht so that the bow swings through the direction of the wind—is an evolution, for example, in which many precious seconds can be gained—or lost. *Enterprise* in 1930 was many seconds faster in coming about than

(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)  
was Shamrock V, and the answer was that on the defender there was no question as to who was to do what, or when. Certain men were assigned to the windward backstays, others to the leeward backstays. Some were detailed to the jib sheets and others to the foresail.

It was not so on Shamrock V. The refusal of the men to take definite stations made it impossible to attain the necessary precision. Assuming that ten seconds are lost to a rial in tacking, this means that six tacks—not by any means an unusual number in a hard-fought leg to windward—have cost one minute, sufficient time to decide most races. No sloop trying for the America's Cup can afford to spot a rival that amount of time. Handicaps in cup racing have gone out of style.

So much for the crew. Equally important is the afterguard. Here are the brains of the cup yacht—the men responsible for the tactics adopted, the sail carried, and the course sailed. The afterguard is the high command, the board of strategy, and it must be shrewdly chosen. One man cannot do the work of running a ninety-foot sloop. It is too big a job. He must get the right men for the right places.

A WELL-BALANCED afterguard should have, first of all, a navigator—a yachtsman who knows the waters in which the cup races are to be sailed, a man who knows how to use tide and current to advantage, keeping at out of their way as much as he can, or at least presenting as little resistance to them as possible when they are adverse, and getting them under the hull at their point of greatest velocity when they are favorable. He must decide what course shall be sailed. He must pick up the various turning marks. In this connection, the navigators fell

down on two occasions in 1930. In one early season race all six cup yachts turned the wrong mark. After the leader had turned, the others had misgivings, as their reckoning showed that if it was the right mark they had covered the leg in time nothing short of phenomenal, but they were taking no chances on hunting around for another mark while *Enterprise* was scootting along for home. Had the navigator of any one of the trailing yachts been sufficiently sure of himself to state positively that *Enterprise* had rounded the wrong mark, his yacht would have won the race hands down by doing the right thing.

Late in the season a race was held for a special trophy on a foggy day. *Enterprise* got off in the lead and again picked up a wrong mark and turned it. This time *Weetamoe*'s navigator was right on the job, and to the consternation of those on *Enterprise*, his sloop ignored the wrong mark, sailed on and turned the right one, to win by a tremendous margin. Here was a race won by one navigator and lost by another.

In addition to the navigator the afterguard must have in its membership a cracking good headsail man. Given the compass direction of a leg of the race by the navigator, the headsail man must decide what sail, exclusive of the mainsail, which is always carried, shall be used for the wind direction and strength. It is up to him to say what size jib topsail to use, whether a spinnaker can be carried to advantage, whether a balloon or Genoa jib (headsails that overlap the mainsail to leeward) shall replace the working jib and foresail.

If he selects the wrong sails for a given course, it will lose precious seconds to the craft that is carrying the correct canvas. The headsail man must consider five things: the relationship between the course and the direction of the wind; the strength of the wind; the degree of sea running; the specific sail or sails under which the yacht has shown herself fastest in the conditions obtaining;

the tactics to be used on the leg for which the canvas is to be chosen.

Working with these men should be one who has but one job: that of never taking his eyes off the opposing craft from the preliminary maneuvering before the start until the finish line has been crossed. What Yacht A does in a race is necessarily affected considerably by the tactics of Yacht B, and it is up to the lookout on Yacht A to know every second just what the rival is doing.

He should know whether his sloop or her opponent is gaining or losing ground at any time. He should know what canvas is carried by the other sloop, approximately how it is trimmed, and how her performance compares with that of his own yacht under those conditions. When she changes sail, alters her course, tacks, jibs or does anything, he should spot it and report it to the helmsman, who thus knows without looking what the situation is.

The two remaining members of the afterguard are an assistant helmsman and the designer of the sloop. To those who do not know, it might be said that the helmsman on a large sloop has an exhausting task, not so much physically as mentally. Of this more will be said later. For the present it is sufficient to say that there should be a relief helmsman, competent to take the wheel when the yacht is not sailing to windward, to give the commander a rest.

As for the designer, it is up to him to watch his creation with an eagle eye. Situations come up where the strength of various things on the yacht must be known. Can that 168-foot mast—as tall as a seventeen-story building—stand the strain of a hard thrash to windward under full canvas, or must the yacht be eased along, and saved as much as possible? It is a question the designer is best fitted to answer, for he calculated the strains and stresses in the first place.

On at least one occasion in 1930, W. Starling Burgess, designer of *Enterprise*, assured a somewhat uncertain afterguard that the duralumin mast had sufficient reserve strength to stand the strain placed upon it in heavy weather, and because of this knowledge her skipper, Harold S. Vanderbilt, made no effort to spare the sloop, and won an important race. The designer can be constantly useful in this capacity, as well as in noting ways in which the sloop can be improved.

AND lastly, there is the helmsman. He is in command of the yacht, responsible for success or failure even though failure comes through the mistake of someone else. Him the afterguard advises, and no more. And, with the exception of the lookout, they don't do that except when he asks their opinion.

He must, of course, be a marvelous helmsman. If he isn't, he is not really qualified for the work. But he must be more. He must be born commander of men, who can enforce discipline in the crew, afterguard, and backing syndicate, if any, without making it noticeable that he is doing it. He must know the theory of sailing thoroughly, and the theory of racing just as well. They are not the same thing.

More than that, he must know his boat intimately, be able to tell by an instinct developed in many trial races whether she is trimmed and balanced right. He must be a quick thinker, able to make decisions—and get the right answer, too—in a flash. He must, finally, have the sort of mind that can cope with the unexpected when it comes along, and he must be a fighter, combining courage with sportsmanship.

And there it is. Take the necessary qualities of men and boats named here, whip them into shape, add a fair share of breaks in the luck in getting favorable slants of wind and in not carrying away rigging or

sails at inopportune moments, and you have an even chance of winning the America's Cup. An even chance, no more, for the odds are that the other fellow has done the same thing—and the result is that the series will really be decided in the actual cup races, which is as it should be.

## The Patriotic and Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 33)

a mercy that is comparable to the motto of our Order—"The faults of our brothers we write upon the sand; their virtues upon the tablets of love and memory." We may have the legal right to pursue a given course, yet often, in justice to our fellow man we ought to forbear. The exactation of the last ounce often proves to be the grossest abuse of Justice. A practical application of the Justice of our Order in our everyday lives would help materially to usher in a condition that would enhance the happiness of all.

"And Brotherly Love is but another sign-post set up by the Order of Elks along life's highway. It points to a lesson that might well be learned by all. Every now and then I hear someone speak slightlying of another because he happens to be of a particular color, or race, or religious faith. Whenever I hear anyone so speak, I feel like saying to him, 'Well, brother, what did you have to do with the selection of your color, or of your race? Surely, if you had nothing to do with the selection of your color or your race, you can claim no credit for yourself because of either.' The same thing is true with respect to our religion. Our religious ideals, or trend of thought, our bent of mind, are all determined by the ideas implanted in our minds while we are yet in a plastic state, perhaps standing at a mother's knee.

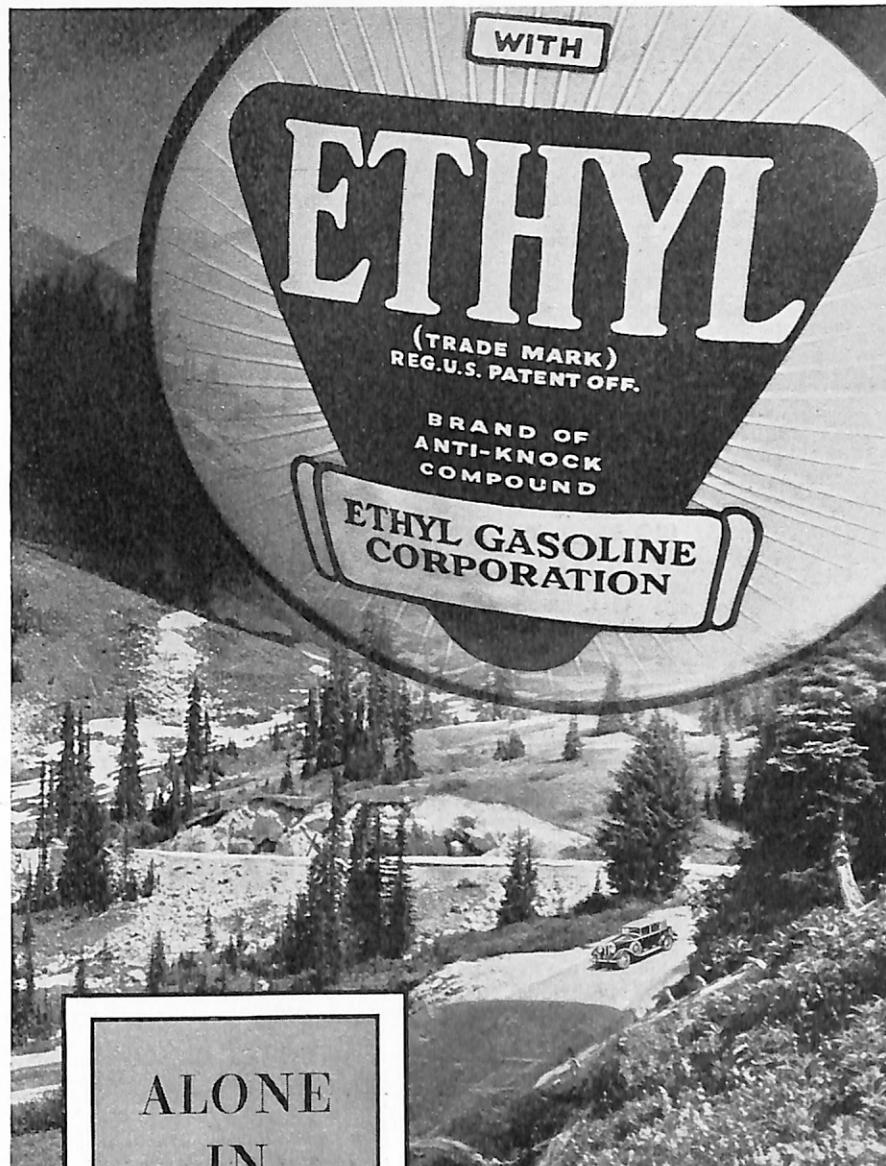
"I saw a practical illustration of this when I was visiting Lodges in the old Empire State. I had been traveling with Brother Murray Hulbert, a Past Grand Exalted Ruler of our Order. We were in Amsterdam. It was Saturday night. He is of the Catholic faith. I am a Protestant. He said to me, 'Are you going to church tomorrow?' I said, 'Oh, I don't know, maybe.' 'Well, if you want to go there'll be a car to take you,' he said. I said, 'I think I'll go with you, Murray.'

"So about eight o'clock Sunday morning we went down to St. Mary's Church, a wonderfully adorned institution. Scarcely had we become seated when two little boys entered a pew directly in front of us. One was about five and the other about six. They knelt, they placed their hands in the position of adoration, and they said a prayer. I said to myself, 'Where did those boys get the idea of kneeling and placing their hands in that particular position? Where did they learn that prayer?' Well, you know the answer. These things were taught them from earliest childhood, and when they grow up into manhood and remain true to their faith, they will be honoring the memory of their mother. The children of other faiths have a similar experience.

"No man can be blamed or praised, justly, for matters over which he has no control. Our Order emphasizes that ideal. We are not concerned with a brother's religion, so long as he professes a belief in a Supreme Being. That's one reason why I am proud to hold membership in the Order of Elks. As a matter of fact, one of the greatest institutions in America today to break down intolerance and bigotry, and to permit everyone to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience, is the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. The highest exemplification of citizenship in our Republic must be guided by the same principle.

"The fourth attribute that goes to complete the four-square of Elkdom, and which must also be common to the best citizenship, is that of Fidelity. It stands alongside the first of the four principal pillars of our Order. It is symbolized by the star that illuminates the Altar upon which rests the flag of our country. Every member of the Order of Elks is solemnly obligated to uphold the Constitution and laws of the United States. Not a single meeting of any one of our Lodges ever closes without all present joining in that well-known pledge to the flag. Moreover, in the treasure chest of every Elk is a small, silk flag, concerning which he has been admonished not only to preserve it, but also, to do his full duty in the preservation and defense of all it represents.

"A pledge of Fidelity of that character is  
(Continued on page 52)



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*“Mother saves that chair just for you”*

(Continued from page 51)

not amiss in these days of unusual trials and problems. There are among us some who seem to be ready to throw away the ideals that have made for our greatness as a nation. With such I have but little patience. If they are enraptured with the form of some government prevailing across the seas, why not let them go there and live among those with whom their ideas are one, and let us, who desire to maintain our Constitution and laws, continue to live under them, as we have done in the past?

"While I am of the opinion we should be on the guard, and ferret out of our schools and places of trust and confidence any who are propagandists of ideals foreign to America, yet I am not alarmed. With more than a half million men solemnly obligated to support the Constitution and laws of the United States, scattered throughout every State in the Union, there never will be any revolution. There will be no overthrow of constituted authority. The first overt act would call to the support of the government the overwhelming hosts that would brook no restraint and give no quarter.

"And in the forefront would be found the members of our Order. They would be standing shoulder to shoulder along with the rest of you who are imbued with the same fidelity to country. That necessity, in my opinion, will never come. The American mind is too sensible to the advantages of holding fast to the tried and proven. But let us not be blind to any tendency away from that which is recognized as the true American spirit. Let the pledge to the flag ever be one of the heart, and not of the lip alone."

Monday evening's ceremonies were brought to a close with a colorful entertainment and dance for all the many uniformed bodies present, with their ladies, and a public reception for the Grand Exalted Ruler and his suite—both at the Kansas City Elks Home.

### *Tuesday's Activities*

ELSEWHERE in this number is an account of the highly significant informal conference that Grand Exalted Ruler-Elect Michael F. Shannon held with the Exalted Rulers and representatives on Tuesday afternoon. This was a most informative and important feature of the Convention—as was also, of course, the opening business session of the Grand Lodge, held on Tuesday morning. (The four Grand Lodge business sessions were reported in last month's issue.)

The featured event of Tuesday evening was the festive extravaganza, "A Night in Vienna," which was staged in the Kansas

City Convention Hall under the auspices of the local Chamber of Commerce. This splendid program, which was presented twice with an hour's interlude for dancing, included twenty professional vaudeville acts, ensemble numbers, well-trained dance choruses and a colorful beauty pageant. Even the heat could not dispel the appeal of this gala affair and hundreds of Elks and their ladies, as well as many more Kansas Citians, kept the welkin ringing into the small hours.

### *Wednesday's Crowded Program*

AN interesting event on Wednesday morning was the breakfast at the Muehlebach Hotel tendered by the Kentucky delegates to Joseph T. Fanning, dean of the Past Grand Exalted Rulers. In a graceful speech James A. Diskin, leader of the Kentucky delegation, on behalf of Governor Ruby Laffoon, presented Mr. Fanning with a Colonel's Commission on the Governor's Staff.

Among the featured events of Wednesday were the National Drill Team and Band Contests. The Drill Team of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, was awarded the \$100 prize in this event without competition—which, perhaps, was just as well, as it would have taken a superlative unit to outdo the splendidly uniformed and trained group from Columbus.

After a keen competition, the palm for the best band was awarded to Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39. Chairman Grover Childers, of the Kansas City Contest Committee, announced that the \$300 first prize money would be awarded after the Parade on Thursday. The second prize of \$150 was won by the Band of Price, Utah, Lodge, No. 1550, and the third, of \$75, went to the Band of Longmont, Colo., Lodge, No. 1655.

Band of Longmont, Colo., Lodge, No. 1055. Wednesday also witnessed a well-attended reception for the ladies at the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Atkins Museum, followed by a tea at the Kansas City Fine Arts Institute.

On Wednesday evening the annual formal Ball for the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Meier was held at the Convention Hall. As usual, it proved to be a most colorful affair. It was preceded by a vaudeville and novelty entertainment at the Elks Home, many of the visitors attending both functions. Promptly at eleven o'clock the

a pause in the jollifications and the entire assemblage joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

### The Grand Lodge's Annual Parade

THE big social event of Thursday was of course, the kaleidoscopic Grand Parade. Despite the heat, over thirty bands and uniformed bodies participated, with the result that this traditional affair lacked none of its usual pomp and impressiveness. Promptly at 2:00 P.M., with Grand Esquire Bernard F. Dickmann in the lead, with many floats and thousands of brilliantly garbed Elks in line, the two-mile march got underway through Kansas City's major thoroughfares. The cars of the Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Exalted Ruler-Elect and Past Grand Exalted Rulers came first so that these dignitaries could enter the reviewing stand at the Elks Home and witness the balance of the colorful procession.

At eight o'clock Thursday evening the final events of the Grand Lodge Reunion took place. They consisted of a band concert at the Kansas City Elks Club and an elaborate carnival at Winnwood Park Beach. Swimming and dancing were the order of the evening here, and eleven o'clock, with its "Auld Lang Syne" and "Auf Wiedersehen," came far too early for many of the participants. Thus ended the Seventieth Session of the Grand Lodge—one of the most memorable ones in its long and honorable history.

### Jiffers on the Job

(Continued from page 12)

wow, Gus. It's stupendous! Gus, old man, I didn't think you had it in you."

"You don't know me yet, Alf," said Augustus modestly. "Someday you'll begin to appreciate me. What was Napoleon at my age or—er—Caesar or any of those boys?"

Swinging his cane blithely Augustus led the way to the Penn Station and, an hour later, Mr. Jiffers and Mr. Klemp were ushered into the presence of Mrs. Tulkington. Aunt Clara was reclining on a divan, sobbing quietly, and Augustus crossed the room and kissed her softly on the cheek.

"Poor dear auntie!" he murmured. "This is a sad, sad blow. I was frightfully shocked when I heard. Wasn't I frightfully shocked, Alf?"

"Absolutely. Positively knocked out," agreed Mr. Klemp.

"Then you've heard, Augustus? You heard that poor dear Toto is gone?"

"I'm here, ain't I? Alf, didn't I say 'Aunt Clara needs me; I'll fly to her'? Didn't I say that, Alf?"

"Positively. The very words, Gus; you said them between sobs."

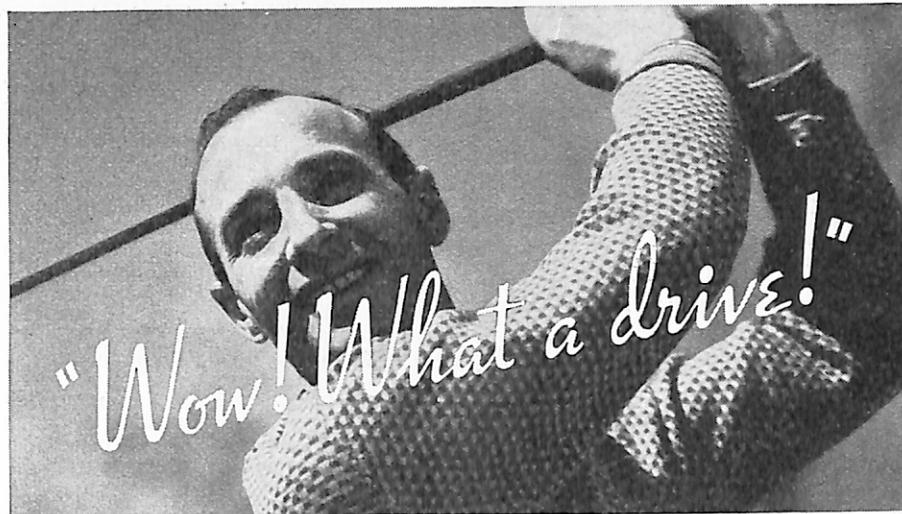
"But how did you hear, Augustus?" asked Aunt Clara, dabbing at her wet eyes. "We haven't told anyone yet."

"Fortunately," said Augustus, patting his aunt's plump hand; "fortunately I had some financial business with Uncle Benjy; he told me. 'Go to your aunt,' he said. 'She needs you.' He was distressed, Aunt Clara, direly distressed."

Mrs. Tulkington stopped dabbing her eyes long enough to look into the face of Augustus. She could hardly imagine Uncle Ben distressed.

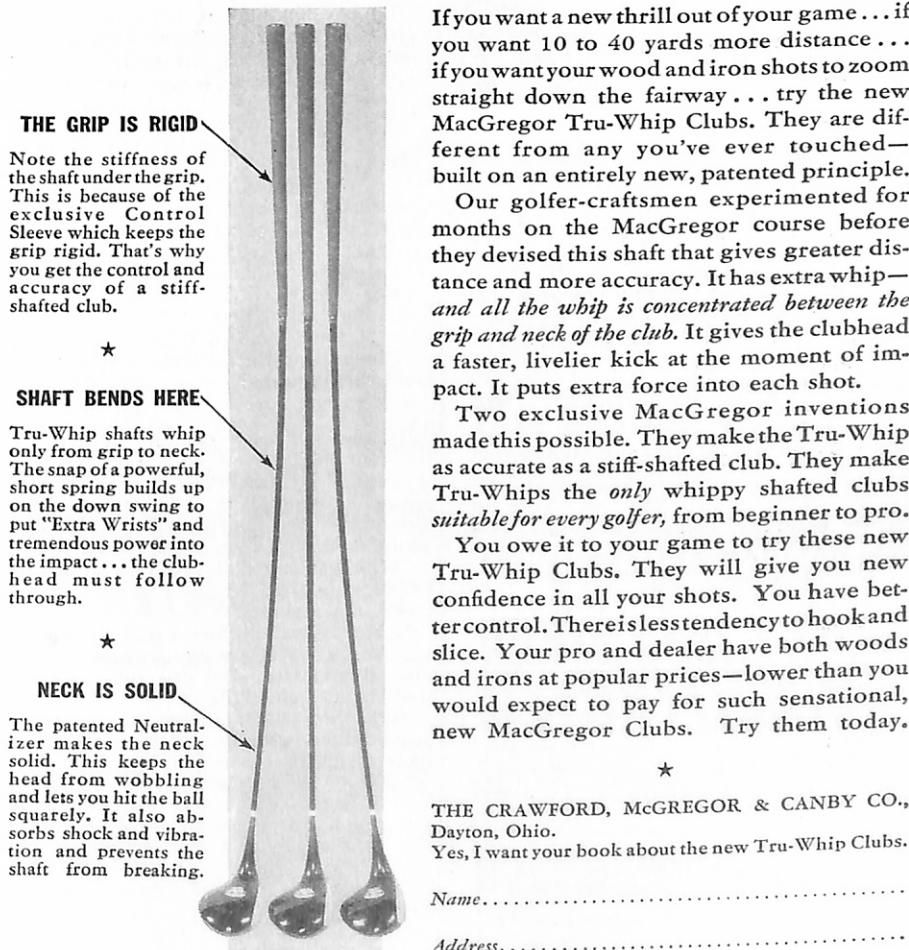
"Don't forget that about detectives, Gus," Alf Klemp put in hurriedly. "You said to me 'Here is where my talents are needed by Aunt Clara' didn't you? Meaning the talents that—the detective talents, you know—that served you so splendidly in

(Continued on page 54)



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**GROW MUSHROOMS**

(Continued from page 53)

solving the Burnaby Case."

"I'd rather you didn't mention that case, Alf," said Augustus. "That was only a stolen cat case."

"The Gallup Case was a dog case," said Alf. "That was a greyhound, Mrs. Tulkington. Wonderful work Augustus did. And the Hiller Case, Gus—that was a whole litter of puppies. You got back all six of them, Gus. And, of course, the Perkins Rabbit Case—Gus recovered the entire sixteen of them."

"But I did not know you were a detective, Augustus," said Mrs. Tulkington, sitting up on the divan. "You never told me."

"Under cover," said Alf Klemp. "Absolutely under cover. Positive secrecy. That's the secret of your success, ain't it, Gus? Gus Jiffers is the man to handle this case, ain't you, Gus? You've been specializing in small quadrupeds for years, haven't you, Gus? You know all the pet-stealers and their haunts and habits like a book, don't you, Gus?"

"Like two books, Alf," agreed Augustus.

"So how about it, Mrs. Tulkington?" asked Mr. Klemp. "Does Gus get the job?"

"It's going to need money, Alf," said Gus. "You can't get anywhere without money these days, can you, Alf? Buying stool pigeons and so forth."

"Don't be crude, Gus; your Aunt Clara understands that. Money means nothing to Mrs. Tulkington when the life of her darling is at stake, does it, Mrs. Tulkington?"

"I'd pay anything to have my itty-bitty Toto back," answered Toto's mistress, again pressing her handkerchief to her eyes. "I wanted to offer a reward and tell the police—"

"No police!" declared Augustus. "No police or I drop the case instantly. Call the police and what happens? The kidnapers take fright; a black bag, a rope, a stone; 'glub-glub,' a few bubbles, and a dead dog. Absolutely no police! What reward were you going to offer?"

"I thought two hundred dollars—"

"For a lovely little dog like Toto? For a darling little dog that loved you, Aunt Clara? Two hundred dollars?"

"Three hundred? Would you say three hundred, Augustus?"

"If you ask me," said Alf Klemp, "I'd say four hundred or not a cent. And I'd say to Gus Jiffers, 'You handle this, Augustus. Put my Toto in my arms safe and sound and the four hundred dollars are yours.'"

"With a hundred dollars cash in advance for expenses, Alf," said Augustus. "Don't forget the expenses."

"Absolutely not. Five hundred dollars in all, and Toto is practically back in your arms this minute. Old Gus knows who did the job and where the dog is."

"What do you mean by that, Alf?" Augustus asked, with a scowl that would have done credit to Uncle Benjamin himself.

"Well, you do, don't you?" said Mr. Klemp with a confidential wink. "Didn't you say it was a Black Jack Gross job by the looks of it—maid strangled and all that, Gus?"

"Absolutely," said Augustus, much relieved. "Positively, Alf. And a frightful scoundrel, that Black Jack Gross; wring a dog's neck as gladly as down a snifter of rye. Thinks nothing of torturing a poor brute for the fun of it. Well, how about it, Aunt Clara?"

By this time Mrs. Tulkington was so shaken that she begged Augustus to take the case, and immediately after a light luncheon she put the hundred dollars expense money in the hands of Augustus, and

Jiffers was on the job.

The somewhat unexpected success of this important part of the detective operations of Gus Jiffers and Alf Klemp made a private consultation necessary and Augustus and his friend retired to the library and closed the doors. In the silence of that vast room the expense money was divided fifty-fifty.

"Alf," said Augustus, "five hundred dollars is a lot of money these days."

"Absolutely."

"Aunt Clara deserves a run for her money, Alf."

"Positively."

"We must let the dear old soul see us in action, Alf."

"Finding clues. Interviewing the servants. Hawkshaw on the trail. Sherlock deducting. Jiffers on the job. Unquestionably, Gus!"

"And a cryptogram, Alf—how about a cryptogram? A cryptogram is always hot stuff. Good old Jiffers finds the cryptogram, finds the key, finds the dog."

"Ripping—positively ripping. Do you know how to write a cryptogram?"

"I can try, can't I?"

Writing a cryptogram message when one has had no experience is not an easy matter and Augustus spoiled a dozen sheets of his Aunt Clara's best note paper before he had one that satisfied him. As he worked he ejaculated "Good!" and "Splendid!" and "There's a girl named Millie in this, Alf," and "And another named Kate," and the cryptogram when completed certainly looked cryptogramic enough to satisfy anyone. It was:

144—V-12-V-II—100cm—mm—830  
14441—35—6—7—K8.

Augustus copied this on the back of an envelope—it had contained a bill from his tailor, but he discarded the addressed side—and on another he wrote a ransom message, without which no first-class kidnaping is complete. This being done, he sent Alf for Mrs. Tulkington and had her send for the servants and interviewed them one by one. There were sixteen of them but none knew anything about the crime except the maid Marya, and when Augustus was through with her she left the room in tears and with a belief that Augustus suspected her of being a confederate of the thief. For the rest of the afternoon Gus Jiffers and his efficient aide, Alf Klemp, were the busiest detectives on Long Island, searching the scene of the crime for clues, and about four o'clock Gus Jiffers discovered the ransom note in a bed of pansies, a place where no one but a peerless detective like Gus Jiffers would have found it. He took it to Mrs. Tulkington immediately. This was the note, printed in a disguised hand:

"Mis Tukkinton—if you wan't to see ure mutt alive agen fetch 3000\$ in \$ bills to bak dore of place sumbuddy will telephone you at 8 o'clock too-morrow nite. Kum aloan or deth to dog wil follo sure. I wil meet you. 144."

This was surrounded by death's heads and daggers done in crimson ink identical in shade with that in the inkwell in Mr. Tulkington's library, but Mrs. Tulkington was too overcome to notice this even had she suspected it.

"I told you so, Alf," said Gus Jiffers exultantly. "It's Black Jack Gross or I'm a fool, Aunt Clara. Signed '144' and that's twelve times twelve. Twelve dozen macke one gross. We're on the right track, Alf."

"Sure to be, old man. You never failed yet, did you?"

"But we're up against a clever rascal this time, Alf. We guess who did the deed, but where is the dog, Alf?"

"Ah! That's what you've got to dig up, Gus. But you'll do it, old man."

"Absolutely! Don't despair, Aunt Clara; I'm on the job every minute now. Can I use your car? Thanks. And, Aunt Clara, don't—no matter what happens, don't give anyone three thousand dollars."

"I won't, Augustus, but I'm trusting in you," said Mrs. Tulkington.

"And I won't fail you, auntie dear," Augustus assured her. "Gus Jiffers never fails."

In a few minutes Augustus and his friend were speeding from the Graywood estate in Mrs. Tulkington's own sedan and not until they were well out of sight did Gus slow down.

"A perfect job so far, Alf," he said cheerfully. "Positively on schedule. We find the dog tonight."

"Absolutely."

"We get him now and park him at Freddie Beach's. He's a good scout, Freddie is. I owe him thirty bucks, Alf. He'll play along."

"Positively. Where does he live, Gus?"

"Flushing. One-Forty-Four Forty-One Thirty-Fifth Avenue. And I say, Alf—"

"Say it."

"When we park the dog I take the car back to Aunt Clara."

"You do?"

"Positively. Report progress and hunt for clues. Keep the old dear's spirits up. And you find the cryptogram. You intercept it, Alf, and bring it to me; you wrest it from a boy's hands. Not without a struggle."

"Absolutely not."

"And get to dear old Graywood by seven, Alf; they eat like kings there. Ritzy eats. We can stand a good meal."

IT was with nothing less than amazement that Benjamin Tulkington, returning to Graywood from his daily labor of taking money away from other people and making it his own, saw his nephew Augustus Jiffers down on his hands and knees apparently raking the lawn with his fingers. He hurried into the house and accosted Aunt Clara. His face was red.

"What's that fellow doing out there?" he demanded angrily.

"He's looking for clues," said Mrs. Tulkington.

"Clues? What does he think he is, a detective?"

"But he is, Benjamin dear. He's hunting for Toto. He works under covers. And, Benjamin, he says he's sure to have Toto by morning. He says he practically knows where Toto is."

"He knows where—er—umph!" said Mr. Tulkington.

"He says he knows who took Toto."

"He says—er—umph!"

"Yes, and he's wonderful, Benjamin. He found this ransom note."

Mr. Tulkington's thoughts as he read the ransom note were of a character that turned his face to a shade of purple that was far from attractive. When Augustus entered the living room Mr. Tulkington ignored the hand his nephew extended and gave him in greeting what was no more than a grunt, but young Mr. Jiffers ignored the crustiness of his Uncle Benjamin.

"Great luck, auntie," he cried. "Found a footprint, undoubtedly Black Jack Gross's."

"Damned nerve!" exploded Mr. Tulkington.

"Absolutely," agreed Gus Jiffers, looking his uncle straight in the eye. "Nerviest old boy I ever went up against, Uncle Benjamin. Hires gangs to steal dear little doggies. He ought to be well punished but I may let him off this time if I can put Aunt Clara's darling back in her arms. You agree with me, uncle?"

(Continued on page 56)



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(Continued from page 55)

"Er-umph!" said Uncle Benjamin. He might have said more but a taxicab dashed up to Graywood and stopped with a scream of brakes and Alf Klemp leaped from the car and up the steps to the veranda. As the door opened Alfred shouted "Gus!" and ran to the living room.

"Gus! Gus!" he cried. "A cryptogram! I intercepted it, Gus."

"Give it to me, Alf," Augustus said calmly. "Yes, a cryptogram, but an easy one. Ha! So Pagnozzi is in this, is he?"

"How do you know that, Gus?" Alf asked, as he and Mrs. Tulkington crowded against him to see the cryptogram.

"That's easy, Alf; it says here his daughter Millicent is mixed up in the affair. And Kate Bunderby, the fence. Alf, we get the dog tonight. The dog is in Flushing."

Mr. Tulkington, during this conversation, sat in an easy chair scowling at Augustus, but as her nephew declared the prompt return of little Toto Aunt Clara uttered a great cry of delight. She stood on tiptoe and kissed Augustus on the cheek.

"But I don't see how you can read that, Augustus dear," she said now. "It don't mean anything to me—except the '144.' That means 'Gross,' doesn't it?"

"It is all very simple, Aunt Clara," said Augustus, smiling as a clever detective should smile. "Let us see what we have—'144—V-12-V—II—100cm—mm—830—14441—35—6-7—K8.' We begin with '144' and that, we know, is 'Gross'—Black Jack Gross. 'K8' is Kate, or Kate Bunderby, the fence for stolen quadrupeds."

"And a chum of Black Jack's, to say no worse," said Alf Klemp.

"Positively. The 'V-12-V' might puzzle us if we did not know that 'V' is five, and that two fives make ten. '12' is a dozen, so we have for 'V-12-V' the words 'dozen in ten.'"

"Marvelous, I call it," said Alf Klemp, but from Mr. Tulkington came a sound much like "Er-umph!"

"The next—'II'—is merely 'two' in Roman numerals, Aunt Clara," Gus Jiffers continued. "And then we have '100 cm.' or '100 centimeters,' but one hundred centimeters make a meter, so we will say the word is 'meter.'"

"He's a wiz," said Alf Klemp. "That's all I've got to say—Gus is a wiz."

"What have we next?" said Augustus, smiling his acknowledgment of the compliment. "We have 'mm,' the abbreviation of 'millimeter,' and the rest is easy. '830' is 'eight-thirty o'clock,' and '14441-35' can be nothing but '144-41 Thirty-fifth Avenue' which—according to the numbering system in the Borough of Queens—can be nowhere but in Flushing. '6' means the sixth month, and '7' means the seventh day, or June seventh, which is tomorrow."

"What I like," said Alf Klemp, "is to see his brain work. It is as good as a show. Better."

"So let us see what we have," said Augustus, smiling at Alf again. "We have 'Gross—dozen—in—ten—two—meter—millimeter—eight—thirty—144-41—Thirty-five—June—seven,' which is 'Gross doesn't intend to meet her. Millie meet her, eight-thirty, 144-41 Thirty-fifth Avenue, June seventh. 'Her' means you, Aunt Clara."

"But I'd never dare," declared Mrs. Tulkington.

"And you will not have to," said Augustus. "No one will meet this Millie person tomorrow night because we will have Toto safe in your hands tonight, dear Aunt Clara."

Before he could say more he was interrupted by Hodges—or his name may have been Hedges or Bunn or Blenkinsop—who announced "Dinner is served, madam," and Mrs. Tulkington took Alf Klemp's arm and crossed the hall to the dining room. Mr. Tulkington got out of his chair.

"Jiffers," he growled, "I won't have you make a fool of my wife. I won't stand for this confounded impertinence. You and that fellow—Klemp or whatever his name is—are a couple of—of cheap crooks."

"Detectives, Uncle Benji," Augustus corrected him. "And not cheap. Expensive. Positively."

"Crooks," insisted Mr. Tulkington. "I paid you money to get rid of that dog."

"Money? Was that money?"

"Money," repeated Mr. Tulkington. "I paid you—"

"We haven't told Aunt Clara that," said Augustus. "Might be a good idea, what?"

Everything open and above board—"Dear Auntie, you'll be surprised—"

"Er—umph! Now wait a minute—"

But Hodges—or Hedges or Bunn or Blenkinsop—interrupted again, saying that Mrs. Tulkington would be obliged if the gentlemen would delay no longer than necessary. Mr. Tulkington grasped Gus Jiffers' arm.

"I warn you!" he said with the concentrated venom of a viper's poison sac. "You tell her and I'll make you suffer for it. I'll hold you out of New York. I'll—"

"Dinner is waiting, Unky," said Augustus and tore himself away.

Although Gus Jiffers and his friend Alf did their best to make the meal merry and gay, the surly taciturnity of Mr. Tulkington dampened the occasion and it was not until the final coffee had been swallowed that Augustus was able to interest Mr. Tulkington. He managed to do so then.

"Aunt Clara," he said, "I have a confession to make about your dog."

"Now wait! Wait a minute!" cried Mr. Tulkington. "Stop there, Augustus. Don't say another word."

"Yes, Aunt Clara," Augustus continued, "I have a confession to make; often as I have seen dear Toto, I am not sure I would recognize him in unusual surroundings."

"What—er—umph!" ejaculated Mr. Tulkington.

"So I think Uncle Benjamin should go with us tonight to identify the dog."

"Of course he will," said Mrs. Tulkington. "You will, won't you, Benjamin?"

"I'll go," said Mr. Tulkington but without even a trace of enthusiasm. "All right, I'll go. Dammit, yes—I'll go."

"We won't let Black Jack Gross and his gang harm you, you know," said Alf Klemp. "Gus and I will protect you. You can run if there is any shooting."

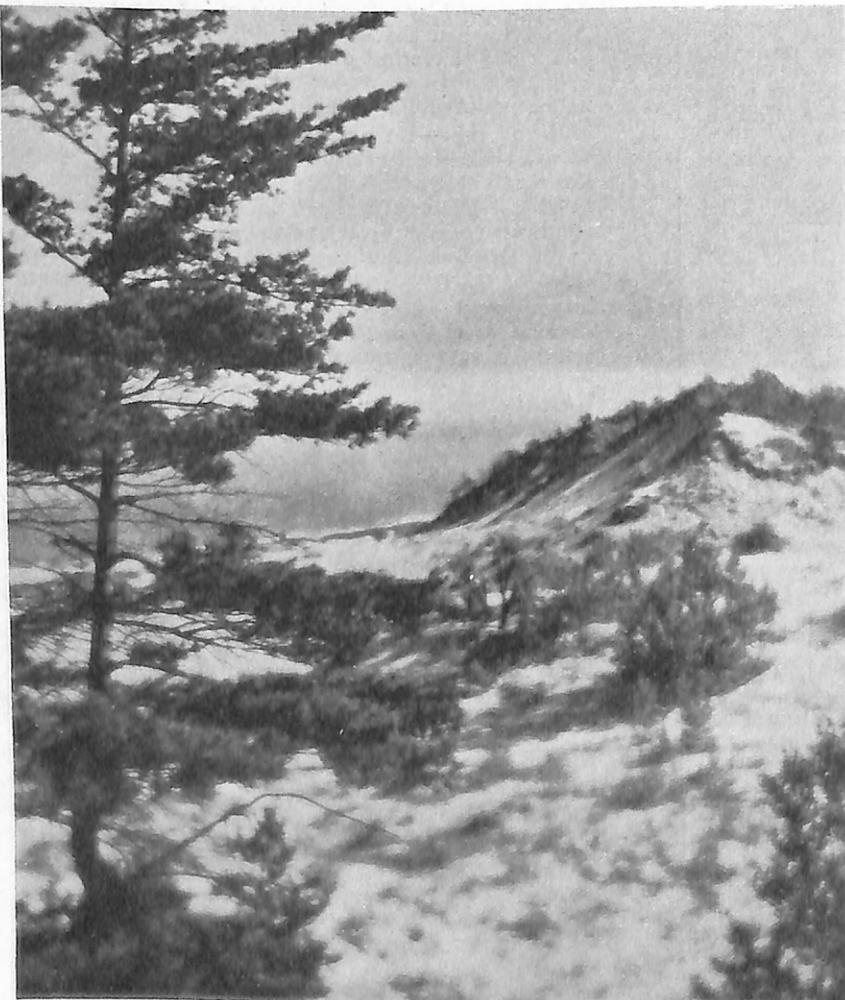
"Absolutely, Uncle Benjamin," agreed Augustus. "We'll bring you back without a wound."

An hour and a half later Gus Jiffers and Alf Glemp re-entered the Graywood living room and Mrs. Tulkington, her well-filled purse in her hand, scrambled from her divan. She had in her hand the four hundred dollars that were to reward the peerless Jiffers and his Operative No. 1, but her expression of eagerness faded as she saw no Toto.

"Didn't you get him?" she asked. "Didn't you find him, Augustus?"

"Absolutely, Aunt Clara," said Augustus. "Uncle Benjamin is bringing him," and Mr. Tulkington at that moment entered, carrying Toto. As Mrs. Tulkington saw her beloved dog she pressed the money into Augustus's hand and ran forward, but Mr. Tulkington dropped the dog on the floor and grasped his wrist.

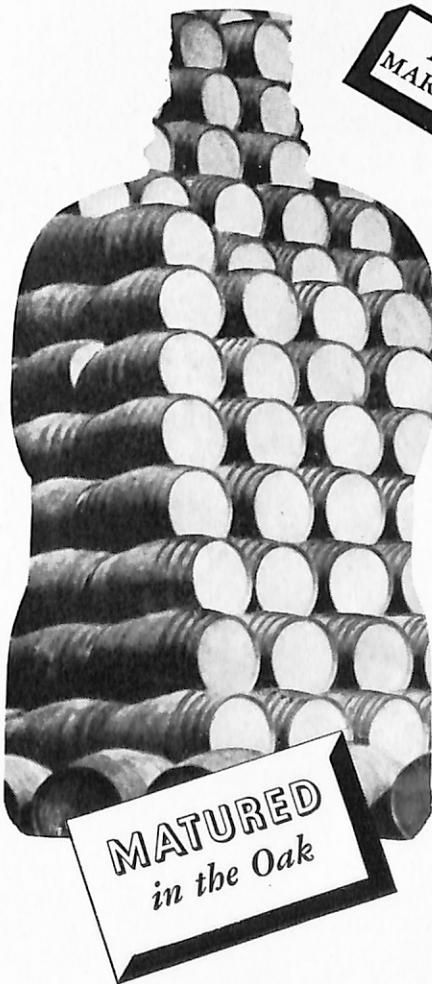
"Curse the cur!" he cried as Augustus counted the reward. "He bit me on the wrist this time!"



Scene in the Indiana dunes, State Park, Chesterton, Ind.

Charles Phelps Cushing

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**GOLDEN WEDDING**  
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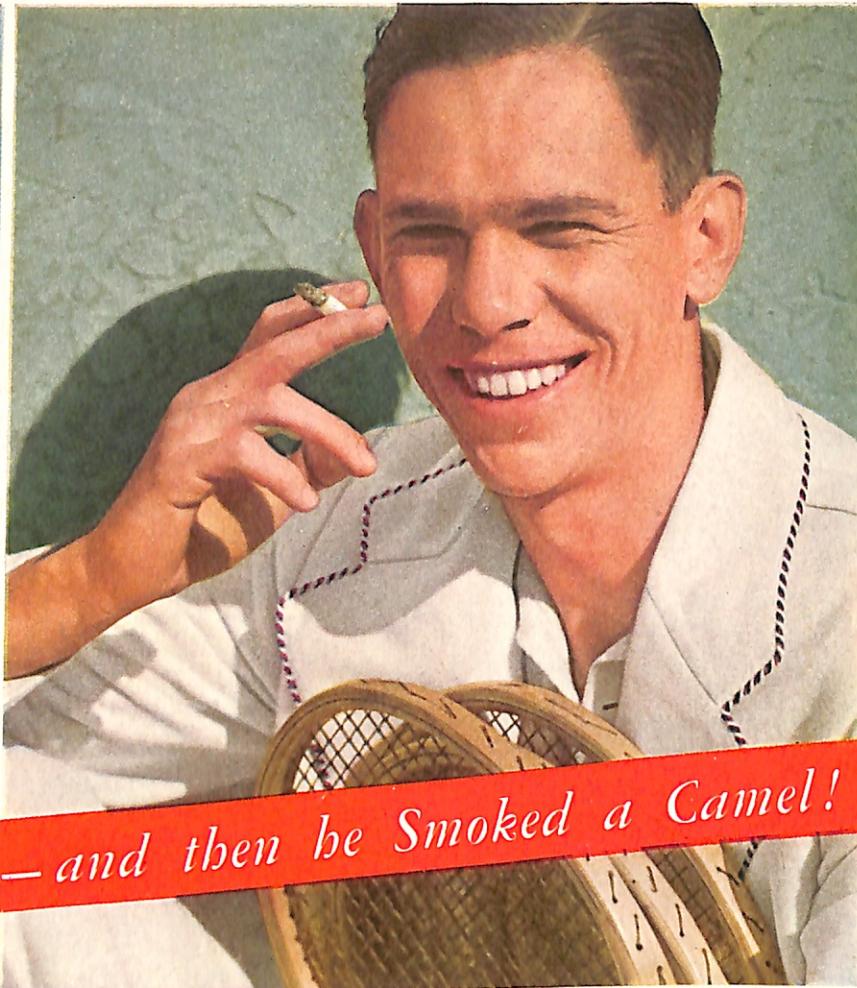
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